



MATTHEW PRIOR.

Drawn from an Original Picture in the Collection of Lord Ashurst

Cut by J. S.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Jan^y 20th 1778.

BELL'S EDITION.
THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCEER to CHURCHILL.



PRIOR VOLUME I.
See friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made.

Edwards del.

W. Mason sculp.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London August 1st 1777.

Printed for
 1778.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Here's no rude ore; no bits of heat and cold;
Here all is nature, yet all's beaten gold;
No forc'd mysterious fearings in the clouds;
No mud, no foam, no noise, in your deep floods,
With such true spirit your great numbers run,
As lightning bold, but equal as the sun:
Gentle tho' strong; and high, yet mild in light;
Rapid, yet pure; and easy as the light. VERSES TO PRIOR.

Beil's second edition.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo, &c. BY THE MARTINS.

Ann^o 1784.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.
VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

ODES,
SONGS,
BALLADS,

TALES,
PROLOGUES,
EPILOGUES,

&c. &c. &c.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
A.M. 1784.



THE LIFE OF
MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq. was the son of Mr. George Prior, joiner and citizen of London, where he was born July 21. 1664. His father, though very industrious in his business, was far from being fortunate in his circumstances; and dying when his son was young, he left him to the care of an uncle, who discharged the trust reposed in him with a tenderness truly paternal, as Mr. Prior constantly acknowledged, with all the gratitude of a generous mind.

He received part of his education at Westminster school, where, as Bishop Spratt relates to Mr. Cowley, he early obtained and increased the noble genius peculiar to that place. It was there that he began to disclose the amiable talents he possessed; and so bright was the dawn in which they first appeared, that it was natural to foresee their meridian would render him an honour to his country, and endear him to the greatest of his contemporaries.

When he was very young he distinguished himself by several happy flights in poetry, which contributed not a little to his reputation, particularly the fine Ode in his printed poems, which he was obliged to write in 1688, as an exercise for neglecting to be present one morning at the chapel-service; and he acquitted himself so well on this occasion, that the world would

hardly have been angry with him had he been guilty of more transgressions of the same nature, and atoned for them by so polite and amiable a penance.

As he had an uncommon propensity to learning, and began to be intimate with the Ancients at an age when few are acquainted with much more than their names, it was with great reluctance that he found himself obliged to leave a school to whose institutions he was hitherto giving so much reparation; but at the same time he thought it his duty to conform himself to the inclinations of an uncle who had treated him with so much humanity, and who, as he was a vintner, imagined Mr. Prior might be useful to him in his house and trade. His nephew accordingly consented to live with him, and, by his diligence in a calling very foreign to so extraordinary a genius, endeavoured to make the best returns he was then able to his kind relation and benefactor.

Mr. Prior, though he found sufficient employment in this situation, did not neglect to improve every vacant hour he could enjoy in entertaining himself with his favourite classics, especially the poets. Of these Horace was his greatest darling, and, without doubt, he was sensible of some similitude of genius between that admirable writer and himself which prompted him to form his taste for the Muses by such a complete model; and so indefatigably did he pursue his studies in all intermissions of his uncle's business, that

the polite part of the company who resorted to the house were in a little time sensible that he deserved to shine in a better sphere than that in which he appeared.

It happened fortunately for Mr. Prior that the late Earl of Dorset, that prodigy of polite wit and generosity, frequently passed some agreeable hours with his friends at this tavern; and being one day there with several gentlemen of rank, the discourse turned upon one of the odes of Horace, and the company being divided in their sentiments of a passage in that elegant poet, one of the gentlemen was pleased to say, "I find we are not like to agree in our criticisms; but, if I am not mistaken, there is a young fellow in the house who is able to set us all right;" upon which he named Mr. Prior, who was immediately sent for, and desired to give his opinion of Horace's meaning in the ode under debate. Mr. Prior very genteelly entreated them to let his incapacity be his excuse for not presuming to offer any imperfect thoughts on what they did him the honour to propose to him; but that not availing, he, at last, with an engaging modesty, gave such an explanation of the passage in dispute as was very agreeable to his polite audience: and the Earl of Dorset from that moment determined Mr. Prior should pass from the station he was then in to one more suitable to his promising abilities.

To accomplish such a generous intention, this noble lord sent him as a Gentleman-commoner to St. John's college in Cambridge, where he made such a progress in his studies, that he soon rose to a Fellowship, which he enjoyed till his death, and gave his illustrious benefactor the pleasure of seeing his generosity succeed to his desire.

Mr. Prior had enriched himself at the university with such a variety of learning, and improved his natural accomplishments with so much success, that at his return to Town his intimacy was courted by persons of the greatest rank. It was a happiness then to have merit: great talents were the best introduction to esteem and popularity; and therefore it was impossible for Mr. Prior to be disregarded at a time when the greatest wits were the noblest patrons.

In the reign of Charles II. he was intimately honoured with the friendship of Charles Montague, Esq. late earl of Halifax, who was a perfect master of polite literature himself, and delighted to make that accomplishment fortunate to others who possessed it.

The first opportunity given Mr. Prior of displaying his excellent talents was on the following occasion, *viz.*

Soon after the accession of King James II. to the throne he flung off the veil, and not only professed himself a Papist, but took persons of the same profession into the ministry and army, dispensing with the penal laws, contrary to the foundation of the go-

vernment, and trying many experiments invasive of the rights of the church of England, and the privileges and communities of such as were the true sons of it.

And, in order to turn the doctrines of our established church into ridicule, Mr. Dryden, who had turned Papist to ingratiate himself at Court, was, from thence, directed to write, and did accordingly publish, in 1686, a most virulent satire, entitled *The Hind and the Panther*, a poem. The Hind was made a strong advocate for the church of Rome, and the Panther, a weak defender of the church of England. Mr. Dryden thought his casuistry unanswerable, by fixing the dernier resort of church authority, and the rule of faith, in the Papal see: but the Honourable Charles Montague, Esq. and Mr. Prior, then Fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge, soon turned the poetical casuist on his back, and fairly shewed the difference between smooth numbers and sound arguments. In short, to heighten the ridicule, these gentlemen turned Mr. Dryden's two mighty beasts of prey into two diminutive voracious vermine, and transversed the Hind and Panther to *The story of the Country Mouse and the City Mouse*, under which title they published their critique 1687.

The beautiful parody of turning Mr. Dryden's railery upon himself, the just reasoning and inimitable turns of wit which it contains, render it standard; fully verifying the Earl of Roscommon's true assertion, that

The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
 Drawn to French-wire, will thro' whole pages shine.

Est. on Transl. versé.

Mr. Prior's second production was, as before mentioned, an Ode, written the year following, as an exercise at St. John's college, Cambridge, on these words, *I AM THAT I AM*, *Exod. iii. 14.*

Upon the Revolution Mr. Prior was brought to Court by his great patron the Earl of Dorset. As that noble lord had entertained a very favourable opinion of this gentleman in his infancy, so he continued to distinguish him by his friendship and recommendation; his patronage introduced him into the scene of publick employment, and by the generous influence of this great peer Mr. Prior was made Secretary to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, at the congress at the Hague, in 1690, the Earl of Berkeley being Plenipotentiary at that negotiation.

Mr. Prior had the good fortune to acquit himself so well in this situation, that he was afterwards appointed Secretary of the embassy to the Earls of Pembroke, Jersey, and Sir Joseph Williamson, who were appointed Ambassadors at the treaty of peace at Ryfwick, 1693; during the transactions of which several Memorials relating to the treaty were drawn up by him; he was likewise Secretary to the succeeding embassies of the Earls of Portland and Jersey in France.

After this he was advanced to the post of Secretary of State in Ireland. He was next constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in the year 1700; and by her Majesty Queen Anne made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in 1711, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary-minister in France the same year.

As he was thus initiated into publick business very young, and continued to transact the same for seven-and-twenty years, it must appear not a little surprising that he should find sufficient opportunities to cultivate his poetical talents to the height he raised them; and indeed, to use his own words, in the Preface to his Poems, "Poetry was only the product of his leisure hours, who had commonly business enough upon his hands;" and, as he modestly adds, "was only a poet by accident." But we must take the liberty of differing from him in the last particular, in order to agree with all mankind, that Mr. Prior received from the Muses, at his nativity, all the graces they could well bestow on their greatest favourite.

We must not omit one particular in Mr. Prior's conduct which will appear very remarkable. He was chosen a member of that parliament which impeached the Partition Treaty, to which he himself had been Secretary; and though he had such a considerable share in that transaction, the conviction he was under

of the exceptionable measures that attended it made him join in the impeachment. A rare instance of a generous mind, who scorned to persist in a vindication of any proceedings that his riper judgment convinced him were unjustifiable.

The Lord Bolingbroke, who, whatever exceptions may have been made to his sentiments in some other instances, must be allowed an excellent judge of fine talents, entertained a particular esteem for Mr. Prior, on the account of his great abilities; and makes him an extraordinary compliment, in a letter which he wrote to him during the time of his being Q. Anne's Minister and Plenipotentiary at the Court of France. This letter is dated September 10. 1712. *O. S.*; and, among other particulars, has this remarkable passage: —“ For God's sake, dear Matt, hide the nakedness
“ of thy country, and give the best turn thy fertile
“ brain will furnish thee with to the blunders of thy
“ countrymen, who are not much better politicians
“ than the French are poets.” And thus the peer concludes his epistle: —“ It is now three o'clock in
“ the morning I have been hard at work all day,
“ and am not yet enough recovered to bear much fatigue. Excuse, therefore, the confusedness of this
“ scrawl, which is only from Harry to Matt, and not
“ from the Secretary to the Minister — Adieu, my
“ pen is ready to drop out of my hand, it being near

“ three o’clock in the morning. Believe that no man
 “ loves you better, or is more faithfully your’s.

BOLINGBROKE.”

And in another letter from Lord Bolingbroke we find the following advices were conveyed to Mr. Prior, Sept. 25. 1713. *O. S.* — “ There is a person here of
 “ whom we have never taken the least notice as a
 “ publick man, but who, however, is an agent from
 “ the Catalans. By what we observe in him it is
 “ pretty plain that a reasonable accommodation might
 “ be made with that turbulent people. What is the
 “ sense of the French Court on this matter? How far
 “ will they concur with the Queen in advising Philip
 “ to make an end of the war?”

Upon Mr. Prior’s representation of this affair to the Court of France, he received the following letter from Monsieur de Forcy, dated Nov. 13. 1713. *N. S.*
 — “ You received, Sir, some time since, orders from
 “ the Queen of Great Britain to use her good offices
 “ with the King in favour of the Catalans, who have
 “ rebelled against the King of Spain, and of the inhabitants of Barcelona. You acquainted me that her
 “ Britannick Majesty was sure they would submit to
 “ the King their master, if that prince would grant
 “ them a general amnesty, the restitution and enjoyment of all their estates, and, in short, the same
 “ conditions which he had caused to be offered them,

“ and which they did not accept, without mentioning
“ their ancient privileges any more.

“ The answer which the King just now receives
“ from the Catholick King upon this article is, That
“ he is still willing to grant the same conditions to the
“ rebellious Catalans, notwithstanding they rendered
“ themselves unworthy of his favours by flighting
“ them; and although he is now in a condition to
“ reduce them by force, he desires the King to impart
“ his answer to the Queen of Great Britain, my Lord
“ Lexington having had no orders to speak about
“ this affair.

FORCY.”

Soon after the accession of King George I. to the throne, Oct. 23 1714. Mr. Prior presented a Memorial at the Court of France, requiring that the canal and the new works at Mardyke should be demolished.

In the year 1715 Mr. Prior was recalled from France, and, upon his arrival, was taken up by a warrant from the House of Commons; shortly after which he underwent a very strict examination by a committee of the Privy-council.

His most loving political friend, the Viscount Bolingbroke, foreseeing a storm, ran away to France, and secured Harry, but left poor Matt in the lurch.

On the 10th of June Robert Walpole, Esq moved the House for an impeachment against him, and on the 17th Mr. Prior was ordered into close custody,

and that no person should be admitted to see him without leave from the Speaker.

The following compliment was paid Mr. Prior, when under confinement, *viz.*

TO MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.

*Cur pendet tacita titula cum lyra,
Parcentes ego dexteras
Odi; sperge rosas, audiat invidus
Dementem fronsitum Lycus.*

I.

COULD I, great Bard! O, could I share
Thy genius as thy grief,
My healing verse should soothe thy care,
And timely give relief.

II.

But vain are my essays to sing,
And impotent my strains,
The cordials from yourself must spring
That can allay your pains.

III.

On your firm heart and honest breast
Bend your reflecting eyes;
For Socrates, by faction prest,
To conscious virtue flies.

IV.

Nor could philosophy divine
Such solid joys impart,
As each soft strain, each magick line,
Of your diviner art.

V.

Then sing again your slacken'd lyre
To peaceful Anna's praise;
What would not innocence inspire,
And Anna's glory raise!

VI.

Tho' faction all its rage oppose,
 The pleasing theme pursue;
 They only who were Anna's foes
 Are enemies to you.

An act of grace passed in 1717, and Mr. Prior was one of the persons, among others, who was excepted out of it: but at the close of this year he was discharged from his confinement, and retired to spend the residue of his days at Down-Hall in Essex.

In July 1721, within two months of his death, Mr. Prior printed that beautiful little tale on the falsehood of mankind, entitled *The Conversation*, and applied it to the truth, honour, and justice, of his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

Mr. Prior, after the fatigues of length of years passed in various scenes of action, was desirous of spending the remainder of his days in a rural tranquillity, which the greatest men in all ages have been fond of enjoying; he was so happy as to succeed in his wish, living a very retired and contemplative life at Down-Hall in Essex, and found a more solid and innocent satisfaction among woods and meadows than he had enjoyed in the hurry and tumults of the world, the courts of princes, or the conducting foreign negotiations: and where, as he most melodiously sings,

The remnant of his days he safely pass,
 Nor found they lag'd too slow nor flew too fast.
 He made his wish with his estate comply,
 Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

This truly great man died on the 18th day of September 1721, not at his own little villa, but at Wimple in Cambridgeshire, the seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford, with whose generous friendship he had been honoured some years.

The death of so extraordinary a person was justly esteemed an irreparable loss to the polite world, and his memory will be ever dear to those who have any relish for the Muses in their softest charms.

Some of the latter part of his life was employed in collecting materials for an *History of the transactions of his own times*; but his death unfortunately deprived the world of a performance which the touches of so masterly a hand would have made exceeding valuable *.

About five weeks before his decease he drew up his last Will and Testament himself, in a strain very different from the formal jargon of law-terms; and as an air of politeness and humanity, peculiar to Mr. Prior, runs through the whole, we were of opinion it would be no disagreeable entertainment to the reader. A true copy thereof follows, &c.

It has pleased Almighty God, for some years past, to bestow on his most unworthy creature, with a greater share of health than I could have expected from the

* But as this work was left the publick are now presented with it. It is printed in two volumes octavo, price 12s.

tenderneſs of my native conſtitution, or the fatigues and troubles of life which I have undergone: for this and all other his mercies hallowed be his name for ever and ever. Let men and angels repeat the ſound, Hallowed be his name! Now, before ſickneſs of body, or infirmity of age, prevent or diminiſh the force of my underſtanding or memory, I make and declare this my laſt Will and Teſtament.

I ~~Matthew~~ Prior, of the pariſh of St. Margaret, Weſtminſter, thanking the Right Honourable the Lord Harley for his eminent and continual friendſhip to me, and truſting that he will have the ſame concern for my memory after death as he had for my honour whiſt alive, and that he will take the ſame care of my ſurviving friends, hereafter mentioned in this my Will, as he did of my own proper intereſt; and having for many years experienced the faith, honeſty, and ability, of Mr. Adrian Drift, my Secretary, whiſt I was in publick employments, and my friend and companion in private life; I entreat the ſaid Lord Harley, and ordain the ſaid Adrian Drift, to be the executors of this my Will. And I thus give and bequeath unto Edward Lord Harley and Adrian Drift all my goods and chattels, plate, jewels, medals, and debts, and all other my perſonal eſtate; to them, I ſay, their heirs, executors and aſſigns, in truſt only, and for the uſes hereafter ſpecified, and the benefit of the perſons hereafter mentioned.

It is my Will that I be buried privately in Westminster-abbey, and that, after my debts and funeral charges are paid, a monument be erected to my memory, whereon may be expressed the publick employments I have borne: the inscription I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Freind, and the busto, expressed in marble by Coriveaux, placed on the monument. For this last piece of human vanity I Will that the sum of five hundred pounds be set aside.

To the college of St. John the Evangelist, in Cambridge, I leave such and so many of my books as shall be judged to amount to the value of two hundred pounds: these books, with my own Poems in the greatest paper, to be kept in the library, together with the books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own picture, painted by Le Belle, and that of my friend and patron Edward Earl of Jersey, by Rigault.

I leave to my Lord Harley the busto of Flora, made by Girardon, and six pictures out of my collection, such as he shall chuse; the rest of my pictures, medals, drawings, stamps, and maps, to be appraised by two persons who may be thought to understand their value, and my Lord Harley to have the preference, in case he pleases to purchase any part or parcel thereof; and after his pleasure therein specified, I Will that the residue be sold.

The picture of Queen Elizabeth, by Portus, I leave to the Honourable and Excellent Lady Harriette Har-

ley, and my own picture, in enamel, to her dear daughter Margarette.

All my manuscripts, negotiations, commissions, and all papers whatsoever, whether of my publick employments or private studies, I leave to my Lord Harley and Mr. Adrian Drift, my executors, or either of them, having first burned such as may not be proper for any future inspection.

Whereas the estate of Down-Hall in Essex, of which I am and stand at present possessed, is, at my death, to revert to my Lord Harley and to his heirs, according to the purport and intent of certain writings drawn up by Mr. Oliver Martin of the Middle-Temple, I declare that the said estate does, and ought accordingly to revert to my Lord Harley and to his heirs, left from any want of words in those writings, or from any failure, or expressions omitted in the form of the writings, the least doubt or inquietude may arise to my Lord Harley. I mention this, tho', at the same time, I believe it to be superfluous.

I Will and Desire that the sum of one thousand pounds be set apart in favour and to the use of Mrs. Elizabeth Cox, and that an annuity or rent-charge be purchased with the said sum, to be paid by half-yearly payments to the said Elizabeth Cox, during her natural life; but I would have the said thousand pounds, *i. e.* the annuity, to be purchased with that sum, to be paid solely to her order, in half-yearly

payments as aforesaid, and not to be in the disposal or at the power of any husband which she may marry. And as my Lord Harley will be juster towards all with whom he deals, and kinder to my friends, than any man whom I leave behind me in the world, I beg that he will be pleased to grant to the said Elizabeth Cox such annuity, leaving the sum to be determined by his appointment and pleasure.

I leave to Mr. Adrian Drift the sum of one thousand pounds, to be employed and disposed of at his discretion, hoping that his industry and management will be such, that he will not embezzle or decrease the same.

I leave to Mrs. Anne Durham the sum of three hundred pounds, to be paid within one year of my decease, and by her to be employed for the enlargement of her stock, and the support of that trade and calling wherein I have already placed her, and in which I wish her prosperity.

I remit to my dear friend and old companion Richard Shelton, Esq. all bonds, notes, or obligations, by which he stands any way indebted to me: and I leave to his son, George Shelton, the sum of three hundred pounds, in such manner as that he may receive fifty pounds *per ann.* for six years, in order to maintain him during that time at the university, or to help him in any trade or employment, as his father may judge proper.

I leave to my well-beloved and dear cousin, Catherine Harrison, the sum of one hundred pounds, with which she will be pleased to buy mourning.

I leave to my servants each one year's wages and mourning; and to John Oeman or Newman, the sum of fifty pounds, over and above such wages.

I likewise leave the sum of fifty pounds, over and above such wages, to Jane Ansley

And in case this shall (as I reckon it will) amount to more than will pay and satisfy my debts and legacies already given, I leave the rest and residue to Mr. Adrian Drift and Mrs. Elizabeth Cox above mentioned, to be equally divided between them

Thus, wishing health, honour, and happiness to dear Lord Harley and his family, and to all my friends in general; *Peace on earth, and good will towards men*: I recommend my soul and body to the eternal and everlasting God who gave me my being:

Deus es, in te ara plasma tuum.

This Will, written with my own hand, I sign and seal the 9th of August, *An. Dom. 1721.*

M. PRIOR.

Signed, sealed, and declared to be the last Will and Testament of Matthew Prior in the presence of Us, who saw him seal and subscribe the same.

Witness, { *James Gibbs,*
 { *William Thomas,*
 { *J. Worlock.*

Mr. Prior's funeral was, according to his desire in his Will, exactly performed. A very neat monument, with the busto he mentions, is erected to his memory, and the following inscription thereon, composed by the reverend and learned Dr. Freind, master of Westminster-school, viz.

Sui temporis historiam meditati
Paulatim obrepens febris
Operis simul, & vitæ, filium abruptit,
Sept. 14. *An. Dom. 1721.*

Ætat. 57.

H. S. E.

Vir eximius

Serenissimis

Regi Gulielmo Reginaq; Mariæ

In congressione fœderatorum

Hagæ anno 1697 celebrata.

Deinde Magnæ Britanniaë legatis,

Tum iis,

Qui anno 1697 pacem Reswicki confecerunt.

Tum iis,

Qui apud Gallus annis proximis legationem obierunt;

Eodem etiam anno 1697 in Hibernia

Secretarius,

Nec non in utroq; honorabili confessu

Eorum

Qui anno 1700 ordinandis commercii negotiis.

Quiq; anno 1711 dirigendis Portorii rebus

Præsidebant,

Commissionarius;

Postremo

Ab Anna

Felicissimæ memoriæ regina

Ad Ludovicum XIV. Gallia regem

Missus anno 1711,

De pace stabilienda;

(Pace etiamnum durante,

Dinq; ut boni jam omnes sperant duratura)

Cum summa potestate legatus.

MATTHEUS PRIOR, armiger,

Qui

Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, titulos

Humanitatis. ingenii, eruditionis, laude

Superavit.

Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ,

Hunc puerum schola hic regia perpolivit,

Juvenem in collegio Sti. Joannis

Cantabrigiæ optinis scientiis instruxit :

Virum deniq; auxit; & perfecit

Multa cum viris principibus consuetudo;

Ita natus, ita institutus

A vaturn choro avelli nunquam potuit,

Sed solebat sæpe rerum civilium gravitatem

Amœniorum literarum studiis condire :

Et cum omne adeo poetices gentis

Haud infeliciter tentaret,
 Tum in fabellis concinne lepideq; texendis
 Mirus artifex
 Neminem habuit parem.
 Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta;
 Quam nullo illi labore constiterint,
 Facile his perspexere, quibus usus est amici;
 Apud quos urbanitatum & leporum plenus
 Cum ad rem, quæcunq; fortè inciderit,
 Aptè, variè copioseq; alluderet,
 Interea nihil quaesitum, nihil vi expressum
 Videbatur,
 Sed omnia ultro effluere,
 Et quasi judgi è fonte afflatim exuberare,
 Ita suos tandem dubios reliquit,
 Essetne in scriptis, poeta elegantior,
 An in convictu, comes jucundior.

The foregoing INSCRIPTION attempted in ENGLISH.

Whilst he was writing
The history of his own time
 A lingering fever
 Snapt the thread of his work and his life together,
 On the 7th day of Sept. 1721,
 In the 57th year of his age.
 Here lies interred
 That excellent man.

He was Secretary to their most serene Majesties
King WILLIAM and Queen MARY.

At the congress of the allies held at the Hague 1696.

He was thence

Appointed Secretary

To those ambassadors of Great Britain

Who concluded the peace of Ryswick 1697.

He was likewise Secretary

To the two succeeding embassies in France;

And also in the year 1697

Secretary of State in the kingdom of Ireland.

In the year 17

He was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners

Of Trade and Plantations:

And in the year 1711

Made one of the Commissioners of the Customs:

And, lastly,

Sent by her Majesty Queen ANNE,

(Of blessed memory)

In the year 1711,

Plenipotentiary minister to Lewis XIV. king of France,

With the fullest powers to establish the peace,

(A peace to this day lasting,

And which,

That it may long last,

Is the wish of all good men.)

MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.

Surpassed all the characters

With which he was invested
By the force of his genius
And the politeness of his erudition;
At whose birth the gentle Muses
Smiled propitious.

The literature of this royal foundation
Trained up and embellished him while a boy;
St. John's college in Cambridge
Endowed and furnished his ripening years
With its brightest sciences;
And, at last,

A long and intimate conversation
With the most illustrious persons
Improved and finished the man.

Thus born, thus educated,
He could never be withdrawn
From the choir of the Muses;
But was often accustomed

To alleviate and sweeten
The fatigue of his publick employments
By a retreat of studies

More inviting and delightful:
And after performing almost
Every species of poetry with success,
In the agreeable and happy manner
Of contriving and delivering his pieces
This wonderful artist found no equal.

The unlaboured delicacy
With which he toyed in these amusements
Was easily observed by all
Whom he received into his friendship :
In whose company,
If any subject of humour casually occurred,
He would treat it,
Being full of wit and pleasantry,
With the most copious, suitable, sprightly,
And beautiful turns ;
Nothing appearing to be either studied or forced,
But all freely rising from his invention,
And flowing as from an inexhaustible fountain :
So that among his acquaintance
It is a matter of doubt
Whether in his writings
He was the more elegant poet,
Or in his conversation
The more facetious companion.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LIONEL

Earl of

DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

It looks like no great compliment to your Lordship that I prefix your name to this Epistle, when, in the Preface, I declare the Book is published almost against my inclination. But in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father, and most of the rest under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord, the natural endowment of your mind, which without suspicion of flattery I may tell you are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved, and your coming into the world and seeing men very early, make us expect from your Lordship all the good which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*,—our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning, a friend and patron to men of letters and merit, a faithful and able counsellor to your prince, a true patriot to your country, an ornament and honour to the titles you possess, and, in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset.

C H

It is as impossible to mention that name without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful; and were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael, and at once create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men they were approaching the nobleman, the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described, that gained upon you in his favour before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all, but distinguished, and adapted to each man in particular according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from

education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit, in most writers, is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably: but the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. His extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever subject was before him he discoursed as properly of it as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best authors, tho' he quoted them very seldom.

Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat;

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper, distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters, in their several ways, appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse; and Dr. Spratt in the

delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramattick poetry. Butler owed it to him that the Court tasted his Hudibras: Wycherley that the Town liked his Plain Dealer: and the Duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his Rehearsal till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not rehearse upon him again. If we wanted a foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremont have acknowledged that he was a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *les belles lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature, but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely that my Lady Cleveland's picture was finished till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new, and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my Lord Dorset's; and yet it

was so easy, too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes; it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength; they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire, indeed, is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was,

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

Yet even here that character may justly be applied to him which Persius gives of the best writer in this kind that ever lived :

*Omne vaser vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et alius circum præcordia ludit.*

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments, and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great Author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, tho' every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen that those men who are least

qualified for business love it most, my Lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation than to politicks, and what more immediately related to the publick: but whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance he readily entered into the most active parts of life, and underwent the greatest dangers with a constancy of mind which shewed that he had not only read the rules of philosophy but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York: his behaviour during that campaign was such as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers before he pass'd the Granicus, or William I. of Orange giving order over-night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the Bed-chamber to the king, and possessed not only his master's favour, but in a great degree his familiarity, never leaving the Court but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment; as if the King designed to show the French, (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit nor approved his maxims; so he retired altogether from Court. But as the irremediable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the Prince of Orange's interest, and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and under the eye of the Court, with the same resolution as his friend and fellow patriot the late Duke of Devonshire did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of those times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the Princess, our present glorious Queen; then the Earl of Dorset was thought the

properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late Majesties upon the throne there was room again at Court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship, and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made Chamberlain of their Majesties household, a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, and the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the Regents of the kingdom during his Majesty's absence. But his health about that time sensibly declining, and the publick affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at council to shew his respect to the commission, giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains with which it pleased God to afflict him, and indulging the reflections of a mind that had looked through the world with

too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the publick, that through the course of his life he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage, contented to sit quiet in the cabin when the winds were allayed and the waters smooth, but vigilant, and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character; if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyrick) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses, but they were accompanied with a most lively invention and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gayly spent, and that too in the beginning of life, were always set right the next day with great humanity and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour; and it was in fact true what the late Earl of Rochester said in jest to King Charles, That he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion, but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper when more composed. That every passion broke out with a force of wit which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted he said and forgot a thousand things which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote: but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections, but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure, too, to hit none but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs, or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence, or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility, or, lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a talebearer.

If therefore we set the piece in its worst position, if its faults be most exposed, the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue: but if we turn the great draw

ings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues in the highest degree upon which the pleasure of society and the happiness of life depend, and he exercised them with the greatest decency and best manners. As good nature is said, by a great author*, to belong more particularly to the English than any other nation, it may again be said that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was without fondness, and an indulgent father without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects, for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe; and during those little transports of passion to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after: for he that had the good fortune to be chid was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last that gave us an example of the old housekeeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it which made every one of his guests think himself at home, and an abundance, which shewed that the master's hospitality ex-

* Spratt's Hist. of the Royal Society.

tended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with others his care and exactness that every man should have his due was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility with which this justice was administered would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them: and then, too, his good nature did not consent to it without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's pension from Mr. Denham, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the Court, my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and while he gave him his assistance in private, in publick he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation, indeed, of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life, and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul as she is said to do in heaven above her sister virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread, and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships or hospitals. The lazy and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician, and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released by my Lord's paying the debt, and the condemned has been saved by his intercession with the Sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty he knew how to bestow his munificence without offending their modesty, and under the notion of frequent presents gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true, though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Mæcenæ, the protectors of learning.

Aristides the good citizen, and Atticus the well-bred friend: and bring them in as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility: but for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the *delicia humani generis* on this account than my Lord Dorset was: and, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good, in proportion, out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever, to be imitated, and if possible to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour, nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death.

Ille dies—quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Di voluistis) habebo.

Aeneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall the memory of your's, and when I think where son I am writing to, the least I promise myself from your goodness is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life; to which that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your Lordship a Dedication not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve

them; that you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities with which Heaven has blessed you to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a Collection of poetry, a kind of Garland of good will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end if these Poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection; happy if, in all my endeavours, I may contribute to your delight or to your instruction. I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient
and most humble servant,

MATTHEW PRIOR,

PREFACE.

THE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly or in some of the *Miscellanies*, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me, and has transcribed others so imperfectly that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies which I ought long since to have quitted, and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the publick for reprinting some pieces which, as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions, and take them as they happen to come. Publick Panegyricks, amorous Odes, serious Reflections, oridle Tales, the product of his leisure hours who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myself much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing, that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex and the fineness of her genius conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

[MUST help my Preface by a Postscript, to tell the reader that there is ten years distance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the publick stand in the order they did before, according to the several years in which they were written; however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others, may have changed. Prose and other human things may take what turn they can, but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already said that he expects his works should

* See advertisement, p. 48.

live for ever: and it had been very foolish in my friend Horace if, some years after his *exegi monumentum*, he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The Dedication likewise is reprinted to the Earl of Dorset in the foregoing leaves without any alteration, though I had the fairest opportunity and the strongest inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes which I said the world expected from my then very young patron have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits, and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence, and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has long since deserved and attained the honour of the Garter. He has managed some of the charges of the kingdom with known ability, and laid them down with entire disinterestedness: and as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that

our age or possibly our nation has bred, and leave materials for a panegyrick not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindarick transition; I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I published my Poems formerly as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk: he would not be thought a tradesman, but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once, I must therefore desire that the publick would please to take them in the gross, and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

Advertisement.

MR. Prior's Poems were published in a handsome folio, in the year 1718, during his own life. After his death, which event happened in Sept. 1721, his Manuscripts, as well of a publick as private nature, were left, by our Author's will, to Lord Harrey and Mr. Adrian Drift, his executors, with orders to destroy such as might not be proper for future inspection. In 1733, -3. Mr. Samuel Humphreys of Hampstead published the *Posthumous Poems* of our Author, (probably at the request of his executors) at the same time obliging the world with the life of that excellent man and poet, which is prefixed to this edition. From 1724 to these times various editions of *Prior's Poems* have poured from the press, but without any order or method observed in arranging the different pieces, epistles, tales, ballads, odes, epigrams, &c. being indiscriminately jumbled together, circumstances at the same time inconvenient and offensive to the reader of taste and judgment. To obviate a defect so apparent, we have ventured, in this edition of *Prior's Works*, to depart from the order observed by his former editors, the different pieces being here classed and arranged according to their several kinds, so that the whole of the same species of writing falls under the reader's eye in one and the same department of the book only, in place of many departments, as formerly, an alteration of some convenience to the reader, and such as can reflect no disgrace on the figure of our Author's Poems, which here present themselves under a more uniform arrangement than usual.

APOLLO PRESS, Edinburg,
31st March 1777.

ODES.

AN ODE

ON EXODUS iii. 14. I AM THAT I AM*.

I.

MAN ! foolish man !

Scarce know'st thou how thyself began,
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art,
Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To fend thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye 5
Thro' the mysterious gulf of vast immensity :
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch ! suppress thy knowing pride,
Mortify thy learned lust :
Vain are thy thoughts while thou thyself art dust. 10

II.

Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend,
The helm let politick Experience guide ;
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
What tho' still it farther tend ? 15
Still 't is farther from its end,
And in the bosom of that boundless sea
Still finds its errour lengthen with its way.

* Written 1688, as an exercise at St. John's college, Cambridge.

III.

With daring pride and insolent delight
 Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd,
 And, ΕΤΡΗΚΑ! your God, forsooth is found 21
 Incomprehensible and infinite :
 But is he therefore found? Vain searcher! no :
 Let your imperfect definition show
 That nothing you the weak definer know. 25

IV.

Say, why should the collected main
 Itself within itself contain?
 Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
 And with delighted silence sleep
 On the lov'd bosom of its parent deep? 30
 Why should its num'rous waters stay,
 In comely discipline and fair array,
 Till winds and tides exert their high command?
 Then, prompt and ready to obey
 Why do the rising surges spread 35
 Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
 Marching thro' diff'rent paths to diff'rent lands?

V.

Why does the constant sun
 With measur'd steps his radiant journies run?
 Why does he order the diurnal hours 40
 To leave earth's other part and rise in ours?
 Why does he wake the corresponding moon,
 And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,

Commanding her, with delegated pow'rs,
 To beautify the world and bless the night? 45
 Why does each animated star
 Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
 Why does each consenting sign,
 With prudent harmony, combine
 In turns to move, and subsequent appear, 50
 To gird the globe and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dang'rous curiosity
 These unfathom'd wonders try,
 With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
 Matter and motion he restrains, 55
 And study'd lines and fictitious circles draws,
 Then with imagin'd sovereignty
 Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
 He reigns! How long? till some usurper rise!
 And he, too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise, 60
 Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
 From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
 Just as much, perhaps, as shows
 That all his predecessors rules
 Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools; 65
 That he on th' others ruin rears his throne,
 And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms

VII.

[his own.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise,

Whose tow'ring strength will ne'er submit 70
 To Reason's batt'ries or the mines of Wit:
 Yet still inquiring, still mistaking man,
 Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press,
 And, levelling at God his wand'ring guess,
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war, 75
 Which guides his doubts and combats his despair)
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give,
 Can bound that nature and prescribe that will
 Whose pregnant Word did either ocean fill, 79
 Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move
 Thro' either ocean, foolish man! [and live.
 That pregnant Word sent forth again
 Might to a world extend each atom there,
 For ev'ry drop call forth a sea, a heav'n for ev'ry star.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide, 85
 And only lift thy staggering reason up
 To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top,
 Then mock thy knowledge and confound thy pride,
 Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain,
 Almighty languish'd, and Eternal dy'd; 90
 How by her patient victor Death was slain,
 And earth profan'd, yet blest'd with Deicide.
 Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
 Only reserve the sacred one:
 Low, reverently low, 95
 Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;

Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes;
 Deject thyself that thou may'st rise :
 To look to heav'n be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith for Reason's glimm'ring light shall give
 Her immortal perspective, 101
 And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve :
 Then thy enliven'd soul shall see
 That all the volumes of philosophy,
 With all their comments, never could invent 105
 So politic an instrument
 To reach the heav'n of heav'ns, the high abode
 Where Moses places his mysterious God,
 As was that ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
 When light divine had human darkness clear'd, 110
 And his enlarg'd ideas found the road
 Which faith had dictated and angels trod. 112

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
 Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
 Thou hast, my Dear, undoubted right
 To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
 My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain,
 For I was born to love and thou to reign.

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
 On pow'r you know I must obey?
 Exert a legal tyranny,
 And do an ill because you may?
 Still must I thee, as Atheists Heav'n adore,
 Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy pow'r? 12

III.

Take heed, my Dear, youth flies apace;
 As well as Cupid Time is blind;
 Soon must those glories of thy face
 The fate of vulgar beauty find:
 The thousand Loves that arm thy potent eye
 Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die. 18

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
 A hateful wrinkle more appears,
 And putting peevish humours on,
 Seems but the sad effect of years.
 Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove
 To raise the feeble fires of aged love. 24

V.

Forc'd compliments and formal bows
 Will show thee just above neglect;
 The heat with which thy lover glows
 Will settle into cold respect.
 A talking dull, Platonick, I shall turn:
 Learn to be civil when I cease to burn. 30

VI.

Then shun the ill, and know, my Dear,
 Kindness and constancy will prove
 The only pillars fit to bear
 So vast a weight as that of love.
 If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
 Thine must be very fierce and very pure.

36

VII.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
 Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
 Fill ev'ry sense with soft delights,
 And give thy soul a loose to joys:
 Let millions of repeated blisses prove
 That thou all kindness art and I all love.

42

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
 To me alone; nor come so far
 As liking any youth beside:
 What men e'er court thee fly 'em, and believe
 They 're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

48

IX.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
 When beauty ceases to engage,
 So thinking on thy charming youth
 I'll love it o'er again in age:
 So time itself our raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to joy and live to love.

54

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE from our looks, fair Nymph, you guess
 The secret passions of our mind,
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess
 A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

4

II.

There needs, alas! but little art
 To have this fatal secret found;
 With the same ease you threw the dart
 'Tis certain you may show the wound.

8

III.

How can I see you and not love,
 While you as op'ning east are fair?
 While cold as northern blasts you prove,
 How can I love and not despair?

12

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
 Your potent mercy may release:
 Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
 Fair Prophetess, my grief would cease.

16

AN ODE TO A LADY

*She refusing to continue a dispute with me, and leaving me
 in the argument.*

I.

SPARE, gen'rous Victor spare the slave
 Who did unequal war pursue,

That more than triumph he might have
In being overcome by you.

4

II.

In the dispute, whate'er I said
My heart was by my tongue bely'd,
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argu'd on your side.

3

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight;
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

12

IV.

Why, fair One, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny
I must at once be deaf and blind.

16

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

20

VI.

But she, howe'er of vict'ry sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd,
And, arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

24

VII.

Deeper to wound she shuns the fight,
 She drops her arms to gain the field,
 Secures her conquest by her flight.
 And triumphs when she seems to yield.

28

VIII.

So when the Parthian turn'd his speed,
 And from the hostile camp withdrew,
 With cruel skill the backward reed
 He sent, and as he fled he flew

32

AN ODE.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

On his Majesty's arrival in Holland, after the Queen's death, &c.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 Tam cari capitis? præcipe leguores
 Cantus Melponene.

I.

AT Mary's tomb (sad sacred place!)
 The Virtues shall their vigils keep,
 And ev'ry Muse and ev'ry Grace
 In solemn state shall ever weep.

4

II.

The future pious mournful fair,
 Oft' as the rolling years return,
 With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair
 Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

III.

For her the wise and great shall mourn,
 When late records her deeds repeat;
 Ages to come and men unborn
 Shall bless her name and sigh her fate.

12

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
 Her holy Queen's sad relics guard,
 Till Heav'n awakes the precious dust,
 And gives the saint her full reward.

16

V.

But let the King dismiss his woes,
 Resting on his fair renown,
 And take the cypress from his brows,
 To put his wonted laurels on.

20

VI.

If press'd by grief our Monarch swoops
 In vain the British Lions roar:
 If not whose hand sustain'd them droops
 The Belgick darts will wound no more.

24

VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief
 Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead,
 And in kind murmurs chide that grief
 Which hinders Europe being freed.

28

VIII.

The great example they demand
 Who still to conquest led the way,

Wishing him present to command,
As they stand ready to obey.

33

IX.

They seek that joy which us'd to glow
Expanded on the hero's face,
When the thick squadrons press'd the foe,
And William led the glorious chase.

36

X.

To give the mourning nations joy
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great Sun! with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds which keep thee from our sight.

40

XI.

Let thy sublime meridian course
For Mary's setting rays atone;
Our lustre, with redoubled force,
Must now proceed from thee alone.

44

XII.

See, pious King! with diff'rent strife
Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn;
So much she fears for William's life
That Mary's fate she dare not mourn.

48

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy softer half
Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve;
But let her strength in thee be safe;
And let her weep, but let her live.

52

XIV.

Thou, guardian Angel! save the land
From thy own grief, her fiercest foe,
Lest Britain, rescu'd by thy hand,
Should bend and sink beneath thy wo.

56

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain
Unless new trophies still be fought,
And hoary Majesty sustain
The batties which thy youth has fought.

60

XVI

Where now is all that fearful love
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That soft excess with which she strove
To keep her hero in her arms?

64

XVII.

While still she chid the coming spring,
Which call'd him o'er his subject seas,
While for the safety of the King,
She wish'd the victor's glory less.

68

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now
Hastens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy if toils may break his wo,
Or dangers may divert his cares.

72

XIX.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
Lest he the rising grief should hear;

Felice I.

F

She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.

76

XX

Go, mighty Prince! let France be taught
How constant minds by grief are try'd,
How great the land that wept and fought,
When William led and Mary dy'd!

80

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where Death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none
But that which struck the beauteous Queen.

84

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her master was not near,
With fullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

88

XXIII.

As waters from her sluices, flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes;
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

92

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She smiles as William ne'er had mourn'd;
She looks as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

96

XXV.

That freedom which all sorrows claim
 She does for thy content resign;
 Her piety itself would blame
 If her regrets should waken thine.

100

XXVI.

To cure thy wo she shews thy fame,
 Lest the great mourner should forget
 That all the race whence Orange came
 Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

104

XXVII.

William his country's cause could fight,
 And with his blood her freedom seal;
 Maurice and Henry guard that right
 For which their pious parents fell.

108

XXVIII.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
 Thy father's bloom and death may tell:
 Excelling others these were great;
 Thou, greater still, must these excel.

112

XXIX.

The last fair instance thou must give
 Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd,
 And shew the world that thou canst live
 Intrepid as thy consort dy'd.

116

XXX.

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
 No dire event could ever stay,

Fij

Must carry on its destin'd course
Tho' Death and Envy stop the way. 120

XXXI.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live;
Pierc'd by their grief forget thy own;
New toils endure, new conquest give,
And bring them ease tho' thou hast none. 124

XXXII.

Vanquish again, tho' she be gone
Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair;
And reign, tho' she has left the throne
Who made thy glory worth thy care. 128

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king an useles pray'r;
Fond Belgia never did implore
While William turn'd averse his ear. 132

XXXIV.

But should the weeping hero now
Relentless to their wishes prove,
Should he recall, with pleasing wo,
The object of his grief and love; 136

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,
Her pow'r with boundless joy confest,
Her person only not ador'd: 140

XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt,
 Yet ought his passions to abate,
 If the great mourner would reflect
 Her glory in her death complete.

144

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
 Great King! by long obeying thee;
 Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
 Preserv'd the isles and rul'd the sea.

148

XXXVIII.

But, oh! 't was little that her life
 O'er earth and water bears thy fame;
 In death 't was worthy William's wife
 Amidst the stars to fix his name.

152

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
 Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
 From Mary's glory angels trace
 The beauty of her partner's soul.

156

XL.

Wife Fate, which does its heav'n decree
 To heroes when they yield their breath,
 Hastens thy triumph half of thee
 Is deify'd before thy death.

160

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 't is giv'n
 Unbounded thro' all worlds to go;

F 33j

While she, great saint, rejoices heav'n,
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

164

AN ODE.

I.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame.

4

II.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilette lay,
When Cloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

8

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs,
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

12

IV.

Fair Cloe blush'd; Euphelia frown'd:
I sung and gaz'd; I play'd and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

16

AN ODE.

TO MR. HOWARD.

I.

DEAR Howard! from the soft assaults of love
Poets and painters never are secure;
Can I, untouch'd, the fair one's passions move,
Or thou draw beauty and not feel its pow'r?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart,
And the pleas'd nymph, with kind attention, sat
To have her charms recorded by his art;

III.

The am'rous master own'd her potent eyes,
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprise,
And as the piece advanc'd the passion grew.

IV.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,
What diff'rent tortures does his bosom feel?
Great was the rival, and the god severe;
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress,
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,
 Good Howard! en'lous of the Grecian art;
 But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free
 And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart. 24

VII.

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain,
 Had I been vested with the monarch's pow'r,
 Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain,
 Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure. 28

VIII.

Tho', to convince thee that the friend did feel
 A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
 I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal,
 Giv'n thee the world, tho' I withheld the fair. 32

AN ODE.

Inscribed to the memory of

THE HON. COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

Drowned in the River Piava, in the country of Friuli, 1703.

In imitation of Horace, lib. I. ode 28.

numeri & terree numeroque carentis arcus
 Numerosa cohens, Archyta, &c.

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
 (Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)

Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
 That anxious thou from pole to pole didst sail
 Ere on thy chin the springing beard began 5
 To spread a doubtful down and promise man?
 What prof'ed thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
 In vigour more confirm'd and riper years,
 To wake ere morning-dawn to loud alarms,
 And march till close of night in heavy arms, 10
 To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
 And search thro' ev'ry clime thy country's foes?
 That thou mightst Fortune to thy side engage,
 That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage,
 And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age? }

In vain we think that free-will'd man has pow'r 16
 To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
 Our term of life depends not on our deed:
 Before our birth our fun'ral was decreed.
 Nor aw'd by foresight nor misled by chance 20
 Imperious Death directs his ebon lance, [dance.
 Peoples great Henry's tombs and leads up Holben's }

Alike must ev'ry state and ev'ry age
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage,
 For neither William's pow'r nor Mary's charms 25
 Could or repel or pacify his arms.
 Young Churchill fell as life began to bloom,
 And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb.
 Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
 One moment's respite for the learned head; 30

Judges of writings and of men have dy'd,
 Maccenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde;
 And in their various turns the fens must tread
 Those gloomy journies which their fires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain 35
 That bodies die but souls return again,
 With all the births and deaths he had in store
 Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
 And modern As——I, whose capricious thought
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught, 40
 Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath
 Which play'd so idly with the darts of Death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
 Fearful of fate they meet it in the sea:
 Some, who escape the fury of the wave, 45
 Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave.
 In journies or at home, in war or peace,
 By hardships many, many fall by ease.
 Each changing season does its poison bring,
 Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring: 50
 Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
 All act subservient to the tyrant's pow'r;
 And when obedient Nature knows his will
 A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads, 55
 In paths unseen; o'er our devoted heads,
 And on the spacious land and liquid main
 Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain:
 Variety of deaths confirms her endless reign. }

On curs'd Piava's banks the goddess stood, 60
 Show'd her dire warrant to the rising flood,
 When what I long must love and long must mourn
 With fatal speed was urging his return,
 In his dear country to disperse his care,
 And arm himself by rest for future war, 65
 To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
 And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh! destin'd head; and, oh! severe decree,
 Nor native country thou nor friend shalt see;
 Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come, 70
 Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark! the imperious goddess is obey'd;
 Winds murmur, snows descend and waters spread.
 Oh! Kinsman, Friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
 Of human voice, strong Destiny replies: 75
 Weep you on earth, for he shall sleep below;
 Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or bus'ness leads
 To this sad river or the neighb'ring meads,
 If thou may'it happen on the dreary shores 80
 To find the object which this verse deploras,
 Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand
 From the polluting weed and common sand;
 Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave,
 (The only honour he can now receive) 85
 And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
 And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow;
 Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough! }

So may just Heav'n secure thy future life
 From foreign dangers and domestick strife; 90
 And when th' infernal Judge's dismal pow'r
 From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour;
 When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou,
 And pale, shalt lie, as what thou buriest now,
 May some kind friend the piteous object see, 95
 And equal rites perform to that which once was thee!

AN ODE.

Humbly inscribed

TO THE QUEEN,

On the glorious success

OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS, 1706.

Written in imitation of Spenser's style.

PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth Book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his

happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser, which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression and the turn of my number, having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious, and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete: I have, however, retained some few of them to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. Behest, command; band, army; prowess, strength; I weet, I know; I ween, I think; whilom, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used Cæsar for the Emperour; Boya for Bavaria; Bavar for that prince; Ilser for Danube; Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I just now mentioned,

Gens, omni Cremato fortis ab Illo
 Jactis, et Infusa, et prostrata, &c.

Volume I.

G

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which he called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers, yet is not rejected by our great Camden, and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it; however, it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the supposition of these facts Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid Queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:

whereas he was not born when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas, relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof that a man, in his poetical capacity, is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a

height of imagination and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime, and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction which every writer aims at and so very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving, therefore, our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country, though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

ANODE.

Humbly inscribed

TO THE QUEEN.

*Te non precor, si non Gallia,
Dumque tuas audit theria:
Te cæde graduenter vicanturi
Compositis venerantur armis.*

Her.

I.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
And sent his conqu'ring bands to foreign wars,
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He saw his fame increasing with his years,
Horace great bard, (so Fate ordain'd) arose, 5
And bold as were his countrymen in fight
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung,
And with his princes arms he moraliz'd his song. 10

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands,
And boldly wife and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannick bands,
An equal genius was in Spenser found 15
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays;
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystick notes to sing his monarch's praise:

Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams. 20

III.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame
Which nor Augustus nor Eliza knew,
What poet shall be found to sing thy name?
What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say, 25
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O fairest model of imperial sway!
What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign?
Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse? 30

IV.

Me all too mean for such a task I weet;
Yet if the sov'reign Lady deigns to smile
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style:
By these examples rightly taught to sing, 35
And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raise,
And latest times shall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame and Marlbro's hardy deed. 40

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,

Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
 Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
 And charg'd with thunder of his angry king, 45
 His bosom with the vengeful message glows,
 Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
 And tow'ring round his master's earth-born foes,
 Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
 Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire. 50

VI

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlbrô sat,
 Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
 Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
 And gives her second thunder to his hand :
 Then leaving sweet repose and gentle ease, 55
 With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe,
 Marching o'er hills and dales, o'er rocks and seas,
 He meditates and strikes the wondrous blow.
 Our thought flies slower than our General's fame;
 Grasps he the bolt? (we ask) when he has hurl'd the

VII.

[flame.

When fierce Bavar on Judæign's spacious plain 61
 Did from afar the British chief behold,
 Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
 Something within his warring bosom roll'd;
 He views that fav'rite of indulgent fame. 65
 Whom whilom he had met on Siler's shore;
 Too well, alas! the man he knows the same
 Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan pow'r,

And sent them trembling thro' the frighted lands
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

VIII.

His former losses he forgets to grieve; 71
Absolves his fate if with a kinder ray
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade, 75
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war,
In fullen fury traverses the plain
To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again. 80

IX.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confess the force of Marlbrô's stronger star.
These laurel groves (the merits of thy youth) 85
Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,
While bold assertor of resistless truth
'Thy sword did godlike Liberty maintain,
Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier

X.

[head.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame, 91
And human faults with human grief confess;
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is still the same:
From thy ill councils date thy ill success:

Impartial Justice holds her equal scales, 95
 Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline;
 If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
 He now defends the cause that once was thine.
 Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue,
 For Jove's great handmaid, Pow'r, must Jove's de-

XI. [crees pursue.

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms! 102
 Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaus,
 Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
 His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
 When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord, 105
 And all of William that was mortal dy'd,
 The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
 From his expiring master's much-lov'd side:
 Oft' from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
 Where'er great William led or Maese and Sambre run.

XII.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour 111
 To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
 The master-sword, disposer of thy pow'r:
 'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.
 He took the gift: Nor ever will I sheath 115
 This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain)
 The General said, unless by glorious death
 Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
 Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
 When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take. 120

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
 Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
 So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
 Rolls with new fury down thro' Russia's lands.
 Like two great rocks against the raging tide 125
 (If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare)
 Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
 Sustain the impulse, and receive the war:
 Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats,
 And still the foaming wave with lessen'd pow'r re-

XIV.

[treats.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance, 131
 With mingled anger and collected might,
 To turn the war, and tell aggressing France
 How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
 On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame, 135
 Behold them rushing thro' the Gallick host;
 Thro' standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
 Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
 They deal their terrours to the adverse nation:
 Pale Death attends their arms, and ghastly Desolation.

XV.

But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows, 141
 And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate,
 While Britain presses her afflicted foes,
 What horror damps the strong and quells the great?

Whence look the soldiers cheeks dismay'd and pale?
 Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread? 146
 The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail,
 And the pursuers only not recede.
 Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!
 For anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar; 151
 Let Boya's trumpet grateful Æ's sound;
 I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
 Ever to Vengeance sacred be the ground.—
 Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again 155
 In greater glory and with fuller light;
 The ev'ning star so falls into the main,
 To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
 He rises safe, but near, too near his side,
 A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant dy'd. 160

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd;
 The foe with lessen'd wrath disputes the field:
 The Briton fights, by fav'ring gods sustain'd;
 Freedom must live, and lawless pow'r must yield.
 Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell, 165
 That wav'ring Conquest still desires to rove!
 In Marlbrô's camp the goddess knows to dwell;
 Long as the hero's life remains her love.
 Again France flies, again the Duke pursues,
 And on Ramillia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O Captain great in arms! receive 171
 From thy triumphant country's publick voice;
 Thy country greater thanks can only give
 To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
 Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils, 175
 We dreaded lest thou shouldst those toils repeat;
 We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallick spoils,
 And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete:
 For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
 In characters like these did e'er his acts indite. 180

XIX.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
 A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
 Those goodly deeds, which we so highly prize,
 Imperfect seem, great Chief, to thee alone.
 Those heights, where William's virtue might have staid,
 And on the subject world look'd safely down, 186
 By Marlbrô pass'd, the props and steps were made
 Sublimed yet to raise his Queen's renown:
 Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd, 189
 Nought done the hero deem'd while ought undone re-

XX.

[main'd.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul
 How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled,
 He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall,
 And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
 And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar, 195

Ruin to Callia in the name of friend?
 Tell me how far has Fortune been severe?
 Has the foe's glory or our grief an end?
 Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
 To save our threaten'd realm or guard our shatter'd

XXI.

[coast?

To the close rock the frighted raven flies, 201
 Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air;
 The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
 When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
 Ill flarr'd did we our forts and lines forsake, 205
 To dare our British foes to open fight:
 Our conquest we by stratagem should make;
 Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
 'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain;
 'Tis theirs to meet in arms and battle in the plain. 210

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
 Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
 From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
 And fix'd on silver flames his dire abodes;
 And thus be Troynovante, he said, the seat 215
 By heav'n ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place;
 Superiour here to all the bolts of fate
 Iave mindful of the author of your race,
 Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
 Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow;
 Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield, 232
 Talbot, to Gallia's pow'r eternal foe,
 And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field;
 Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone, 235
 And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrours of the sea;
 Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
 Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny;
 Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal,
 For, oh! who vanquish'd loves the victor's fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak 238
 Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
 Eludes the axe, and sprouts against the stroke,
 Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
 And as those teeth which Cadmus sow'd in earth 235
 Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies,
 So with young vigour and succeeding birth
 Her losses more than recompens'd arise,
 And ev'ry age she with a race is crown'd
 For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd. 240

XXV.

Obstinate pow'r, whom nothing can repel,
 Not the fierce Saxon nor the cruel Dane,
 Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
 Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain,

Nor France on universal sway intent, 245
 Oft' breaking leagues, and oft' renewing wars,
 Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
 Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars;
 Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more
 Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallick

XXVI.

[pow'r.

To fruitful Rheims or fair Lutetia's gate 251
 What tidings shall the messenger convey?
 Shall the loud herald our success relate,
 Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?
 Alas! my praises they no more must sing; 255
 They to my statue now must bow no more:
 Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
 Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the Gallick pow'r—
 'The Woman-chief is master of the war:

Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Heav'n

XXVII.

[by pray'r.

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends 261
 Thy council and thy deed, victorious Queen,
 What shall thy subjects say and what thy friends;
 How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?
 Oh! deign to let the eldest of the Nine 265
 Recite Britannia great and Gallia free;
 Oh! with her sister Sculpture let her join
 To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
 To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
 To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our foster King. 270

XXVIII.

Let Europe, fav'd, the column high erect,
 Than Trajan's higher or than Antonine's,
 Where fumbling art may carve the fair effect,
 And full achievement of thy great designs.
 In a calm heav'n and a serener air 275
 Sublime the Queen shall on the summit stand,
 From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
 And pointing down to earth her dread command.
 All winds, all storms, that threaten human wo
 Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage

XXIX. [below.

There fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost, 281
 Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
 Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
 Shall fix his foot: And this, be this the land,
 Great Jove, where I for ever will remain, 285
 (The empire's other hope shall say) and here
 Vanquish'd, intomb'd I'll lie, or crown'd I'll reign—
 O Virtue, to thy British Mother dear!
 Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide;
 For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide. 290

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
 Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelona,
 Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
 Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:

H ij

Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd, 295
 Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
 Numb'ring the wonders which that youth achiev'd
 Whom Anna clad in arms and sent to war,
 Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne, 299
 And made him more than king in calling him her son.

XXXI.

There Isther, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
 Rolling, shall bid his eastern waves declare
 Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
 And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear;
 Shall bid them mention Marlbrô, on that shore 305
 Leading his islanders, renown'd in arms,
 Thro' climes where never British chief before
 Or pitch'd his camp or founded his alarms;
 Shall bid them blest the Queen, who made his streams
 Glorious as those of Boyne, and safe as those of

XXXII.

[Thames.

Brabantia, clad with fields and crown'd with tow'rs, 311
 With decent joy shall her deliv'rer meet,
 Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and blest thy pow'rs,
 Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.
 Flandria, by plenty made the home of War, 315
 Shall weep her crime, and how to Charles restor'd,
 With double vows shall blest thy happy care
 In having drawn and having sheath'd the sword.
 From these their sister provinces shall know 319
 How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed spears,
 In artful piles around the work shall lie,
 And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
 Blazon'd with signs of Gallick heraldry,
 And standards with distinguish'd honours bright, 325
 Marks of high pow'r and national command,
 Which Valois' sons and Bourbon's bore in fight,
 Or gave to Foix' or Montmorancy's hand :
 Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
 From Cressy's battle sav'd, to grace Ramillia's field.

XXXIV.

And as fine art the spaces may dispose, 331
 The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
 Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the British Rose,
 Type of sweet rule, and gentle majesty ;
 The northern Thistle, whom no hostile hand, 335
 Unhurt, too rudely may provoke, I ween ;
 Hibernia's riarp device of her command,
 And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen :
 Thy vanquish'd Lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
 Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh ! very far beneath, 341
 Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
 To save herself from darkness and from death,
 That Muse desires the last, the lowest place ;

H ij

Who, tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string
 For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land, 346
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing,
 And when thy will and when thy subjects hand
 Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease, 349
 Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest and to peace.

TO MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUICARD, 1711.

Ducit opes animamque ferro.

I.

IN one great Now, superiour to an age,
 The full extremes of Nature's force we find;
 How heav'nly virtue can exalt, or rage
 Infernal how degrade the human mind. 4

II.

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand,
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence;
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
 He slabs his judge to prove his innocence. 8

III.

'The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives;
 'The wounds his country from his death must feel
 The patriot views; for those alone he grieves. 12

IV.

The barb'rous rage that durst attempt thy life,
 Harley ! great counsellor, extends thy fame;
 And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife
 In brass and marble carves thy deathless name. 16

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
 Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound;
 She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
 And in her statutes shall thy worth be found. 20

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
 Reflecting that diffus'd the publiick wo;
 A stranger to her altars and her land,
 No son of her's could meditate this blow. 24

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
 Our Queen, our saint with sacrificing breath
 Softens thy anguish: in her pow'rful pray'r
 She pleads thy service and forbids thy death. 28

VIII.

Great as thou art thou canst demand no more,
 O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by Heav'n!
 No higher can aspiring virtue soar;
 Enough to thee of grief and fame is giv'n. 32

AN ODE.

An imitation of

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

Written in the year 1692.

I.

How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
 In the lethargick sleep, the sad repose
 By which thy close thy constant enemy
 Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes?
 Or wake, degenerate Isle, or cease to own 5
 What thy old kings in Gallick camps have done,
 The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they
 William (so Fate requires) again is arm'd, [won.
 Thy father to the field is gone,
 Again Maria weeps her absent Lord, 10
 For thy repose content to rule alone.
 Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd?
 When William fights dare they look tamely on,
 So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd, [sword?
 As not to melt at Beauty's tears nor follow Valour's

II.

See the repenting Isle awakes, 16
 Her vicious chains the gen'rous goddess breaks;
 The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;
 Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command, 20
 Her Lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand,

And, blessing to have been so long withheld,
 Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field :
 Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear
 Hazardous toil and active war : 25
 To march beneath the dogstar's raging heat,
 Patient of summer's drought and martial sweat,
 And only grieve in winter camps to find
 Its days too short for labours they design'd :
 All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch, 30
 All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach,
 And all the rugged paths to tread
 Where William and his virtue lead.

III.

Silence is the soul of war ;
 Delib'rate counsel must prepare 35
 The mighty work which valour must complete :
 Thus William rescues, thus preserves, the state,
 Thus teaches us to think and dare ;
 As, whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe
 Avenging anger and swift death, 40
 In the try'd metal the close dangers glow,
 And now, too late, the dying foe
 Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow ;
 So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
 Secret and sure as brooding Fate, 45
 No more of his design appears
 Than what awakens Gallia's fears,
 And (thro' Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)

Distracted Lewis can descry
Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

50

IV.

On Norman coasts, and banks of frighted Seine,
Lo! the impending storms begin;
Britannia safely thro' her master's sea
Plows up her victorious way:

The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain 55
Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main.

'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory, in 'vengeful flames,
Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names:
They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire, 60

And the torn vessels that regain their coast
Are but sad marks to show the rest are lost.

All this the mild the beauteous Queen has done,
And William's faster half shakes Lewis' throne.
Maria does the sea command; 65

Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arm by land.
So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon
Governs the isles and rules the waves alone;
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.

Io, Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains, 70
Whilst Russel strikes the blow thy Queen ordains.

Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
And bless the counsel and reward the hand.
Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

V.

From Mary's conquests and the rescu'd main 75
 Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore,
 And boast her joy for William's death no more.
 He lives, let France confess the victor lives:
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,
 And spoke her terrour of his life too plain. 80
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh
 In which that one of Lewis' many wives *
 Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
 Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
 Shall o'er the plains from distant tow'rs on high 85
 Cast around her mournful eye,
 And with prophetick sorrow cry,
 Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his flight?
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight?
 As well the wolf may venture to engage 90
 The angry lion's gen'rous rage,
 The rav'nous vulture and the bird of night
 As safely tempt the slooping eagle's flight,
 As Lewis to unequal arms defy
 Yon' hero crown'd with blooming victory, 95
 Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreach'd from battles gain'd.
 See! all yon' dusty fields quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile troops, and Orange at their head;
 Orange, destin'd to complete 100

* Madame Maintenon.

The great designs of labouring Fate ;
 Orange the name that tyrants dread :
 He comes ; our ruin'd empire is no more ;
 Down like the Persian goes the Gallick throne ;
 Darius flies, young Ammon urges on. 105

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,
 Impatient to secure a base retreat ;
 Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
 For the vile privilege to breathe, 110
 To live with shame in dread of glorious death !
 In vain ; for Fate has swifter wings than Fear,
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear ;
 Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
 His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound, 115
 Whilst thro' the fiercest troops and thickest press
 Virtue carries on success ;
 Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguish'd brave,
 And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

VII.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives ; 120
 Each by the other's mutual friendship lives ;
 Æneas suffer'd, and Achilles fought ;
 The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought,
 Or Virgil's majesty and Homer's rage
 Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd age. 125

Whilst Lewis then his rising terror drowns
 With drums alarms and trumpets sounds.
 Whilst hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
 From danger as from honour far,
 He bribes close Murder against open War, 130
 In vain you Gallick Muses strive
 With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive;
 Your mould'ring monuments in vain you raise
 On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise;
 Your songs are fold, your numbers are profane; 135
 'Tis incense to an idol giv'n,
 Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man,
 That had no soul from Heav'n.
 Against his will you chain your frightened king
 On rapid Rhine's divided bed, 140
 And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
 The wounds for which he never bled;
 Falsehood does poison on your praise diffuse,
 And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's muse

VIII.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd, 145
 And virtue is her own reward;
 With solid beams and native glory bright
 She neither darkness dreads nor covets light;
 True to herself, and fix'd to in-born laws,
 Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause, 150
 She from her settled orb looks calmly down
 On life or death, a prison or a crown.

When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
 To foreign arms and inward strife a prey: 154
 Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,
 And Virtue labour'd against Fate;
 When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
 And all was conquer'd but the patriot's mind;
 When storms let loose, and raging seas,
 Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm, 160
 Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
 Nor all the Siren songs of future peace,
 And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown
 Could lure his stubborn virtue down: 164
 But to his charms, and threats, and hell, he stood
 To that which was severely good;
 'Twas his own trophies justify'd his fame,
 No poet bidd'st his song with Nassau's name;
 Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
 And Heav'n as plainly pointed out the King, 170
 As when he at the altar stood
 In all his types and robes of pow'r,
 Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
 And own'd him next to what we there adore. 174

IX.

Say, joyful Macse, and Boyne's victorious flood,
 (For each has mix'd his waves with royal blood)
 When William's armies past, did he retire,
 Or view from far the battle's distant fire?
 Could he have seen his person was too dear?
 Or use his greatness to conceal his fear? 180

Could pray'rs or sighs the dauntless hero move?
 Arm'd with Heav'n's justice and his people's love,
 Thro' the first waves he wing'd his ventrous way,
 And on the adverse shore arose,
 (Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose.) 185
 Like the great ruler of the day,
 With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea,
 Like him all day he toil'd, but long in night
 The god has eas'd his weary'd light,
 Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes, 190
 Or William's labours found repose.
 When his troops falter'd slept not he between,
 Restor'd the dubious fight again,
 Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,
 And led the fainting brave to Victory? 195
 Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
 Her doubtful course, and brought her bleeding back?
 By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
 Was he not king, commander, soldier, all—
 His dangers such as with becoming dread 200
 His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read;
 And were not those the only days that e'er
 The pious prince refus'd to hear
 His friends' advices or his subjects pray'r?

X.

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns, 205
 Or fills his vassals tributary urns,

To Belgia's fav'd dominions and the sea,
 Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway,
 Is there a town where children are not taught,
 Here Holland prosper'd for here Orange fought? 210
 Thro' rapid waters and thro' flying fire
 Here rush'd the Prince, here made whole France retire.
 By diff'rent nations be his valour blest,
 In diff'rent languages confest,
 And then let Shannon speak the rest: 215
 Let Shannon speak how, on her wond'ring shore,
 When conquest hov'ring on his arms did wait,
 And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er,
 'The godlike man, the more than conqueror,
 With high contempt sent back the specious bait, 220
 And scorn'd glory at a price too great,
 With so much pow'r such piety did join,
 As made a perfect virtue soar
 A pitch unknown to man before,
 And list'd Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne. 225

XI.

Nor do his subjects only share
 The prosp'rous fruits of his indulgent reign;
 His enemies approve the pious war
 Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain:
 More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes; 230
 'They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose;
 Justice and freedom on his conquests wait,
 And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:

Succeeding times shall with long joy contend
 If he were more a victor or friend : 235
 So much his courage and his mercy strive,
 He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.

XII.

Ye Heroes ! who have fought your country's cause,
 Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
 To my advent'rous song just witness bear, 240
 Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,
 That 'tis no poet's thought, no slight of youth,
 But solid story and severest truth,
 That William treasures up a greater name
 Than any country, any age, can boast ; 245
 And all that ancient flock of fame
 He did from his forefathers take
 He has improv'd, and gives with int'rest back,
 And in his constellation does unite
 Their scatter'd rays of fainter light : 250
 Above or Envy's lash or Fortune's wheel
 That settled glory shall for ever dwell,
 Above the rolling orbs and common sky,
 Where nothing comes that e'er shall die. 254

XIII.

Where roves the Muse ? where, thoughtless to return,
 Is her short-lived vessel borne
 By potent winds, too subject to be tost,
 And in the sea of William's praises lost ?

Nor let her 'tempt that deep, nor make the shore
 Where our abandon'd youth she sees 260
 Shipwreck'd in luxury and lost in ease;
 Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm
 Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
 Tell 'em, howe'er, the King can yet forgive
 Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive, 265
 And let their wounded honour live:
 But sure and sudden be their just remorse:
 Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course:
 For tho' for certain years and destin'd times
 Merit has lain confus'd with crimes, 270
 Tho' Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,
 Nor scourg'd our follies nor return'd our pray'rs,
 His justice now demands the equal scales,
 Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails;
 Fate its great end by slow degrees attains,
 And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns. 276

ODE.

PROMESSE DE L'AMOUR.

I.

Hier, l'Amour touchè du son
 Que rendoit ma lire qu'il aime.
 Me promet pour une chanson,
 Deux baisers de sa main mème.

II.

Non, luy dis-je, tu scais mes vœux.
 Tu connois quel penchant m'entraîne,
 Au lieu d'un j'en offre deux,
 Pour un seul baiser de Climene.

8

III.

Il me promet ce doux retour,
 Ma lire en eut plus de tendresse ;
 Mais vous, Climene, de l'amour
 Aquiterez-vous la promesse ?

12

CUPID'S PROMISE.

PARAPHRASED.

I.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, am'rous, boy,
 The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
 In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,
 And utter'd thus his fond desire.

4

II.

Oh! raise thy voice, one song I ask,
 Touch then th' harmonious string;
 To Thyrsis easy is the task,
 Who can so sweetly play and sing.

8

III.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
 Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be ;

None, none, like Beauty's queen is fair;
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

12

IV.

I strait reply'd, Thou know'st, alone,
That brightest Cloe rules my breast,
I'll sing thee two instead of one
If thou 'lt be kind and make me blest.

16

V.

One kiss from Cloe's lips, no more
I crave. He promis'd me success:
I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,
My glowing passion to express.

20

VI

But, oh! my Cloe, beauteous maid,
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?
Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
And by thy grant his power show?

24

SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

A BALLAD.

To the tune of

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave, [Greve,
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet, 4

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the Squire of the Pad and the Knight of the Post
Find their pains no more baulk'd and their hopes no

Derry down, &c. [more crost,

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known,

And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou ail?

Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale, 12

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witnesses to back a bad cause,

A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,

And who to assist but a grave Cordelier? 16

Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
 Seem'd not in great haste that the show shou'd begin,
 Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
 And often took leave, but was loath to depart, 20

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son? says the priest;
 You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.
 O Father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
 For 't was not that I murder'd but that I was taken,

Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such
 fancies;

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis;
 If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
 You have only to die; let the Church do the rest, 28

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
 It reflects upon me as I knew not my trade:
 Courage, Friend, to-day is your period of sorrow,
 And things will go better believe me to-morrow, 32

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow, our hero reply'd, in a fright, [night.
 He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-
 Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd,
 For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup. [up,

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
 Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;

I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace
Would you be so kind as to go in my place, 40

Derry down, &c.

That I would quoth the Father, and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast I propos'd to you I cannot taste,
For this night, by our Order, is mark'd for a fast, 44

Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade,
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die, 48

Derry down, &c.

A SONG.

In vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over:
Alas! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?

Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?

5 }
}

Be gentle, and in pity chuse
To with the wildest tempests loose,
That thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

10

}
14 }

SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR,
PAR LES ARMES DU ROI,

L'ANNE 1692.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

QUELLE docte et sainte yvresse
Aujourd' d' hui me fait la loy ?
Chastes nymphes du Permesse,
N'est-ce pas vous que je voy ?
Accourez, troupe scavante :
Des sons que ma lyre enfante ;
Ces arbres sont réjouis :
Marquez en bien la cadence :
Et vous, vents, faites silence :
Je vais parler de Louis.

5

10

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses aîles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m' inspire,
Tu peux suivre mes transports ;
Les chesnes de monts de Thrace
N'ont rien ouï, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

15

20

AN ENGLISH BALLAD.

On the taking of

NAMUR BY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

Valer est desperare loco.

I. and II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it;
 So might not Bacchus give you law:
 Was it a muse, O lofty Poet,
 Or virgin of Saint Cyr, you saw?
 Why all this fury? what's the matter,
 That oaks must come from Thrace to dance,
 Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?
 And is there no such wood in France?
 Why must the winds all hold their tongue?
 If they a little breath should raise,
 Would that have spoil'd the poet's song,
 Or puff'd away the monarch's praise?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,
 While Virtue leads the noble way;
 Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
 Where fordid int'rest shews the prey.
 When once the poet's honour ceases,
 From reason far his transports rove;
 And Boileau for eight hundred pieces
 Makes Louis take the wall of Jove,

Volume I.

K

III.

Est-ce Appolon et Neptune,
 Qui sur ces rocs sourcilleux
 Ont, compagnons de fortune,
 Bâti ces murs orgueilleux ?
 De leur enceinte fameuse
 La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
 Défend le fatal abord ;
 Et par cent bouches horribles
 L'airain sur ces monts terribles
 Vomit le fer, et la mort.

25

30

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
 Les bordant de toutes parts,
 D'éclairs au loin homicides
 Font petiller leurs remparts :
 Et dans son sein infidèle
 Par tout la terre y recele
 Un feu prest à s'élancer,
 Qui soudain percant son goufre,
 Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre
 A quiconque ose avancer.

35

40

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
 Jadis la Grece eust vingt ans
 Sans fruit veu les funeraïlles
 De ses plus fiers combattans.

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III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
 Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban;
 They arm'd these rocks, then show'd old Jove
 Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
 Such walls these three wise gods agreed 25
 By human force could ne'er be shaken;
 But you and I in Homer read
 Of gods as well as men mistaken.
 Sambre and Macfe their waves may join,
 But ne'er can William's force restrain : 30
 He'll pass them both who pass'd the Boyne;
 Remember this and arm the Seine.

IV.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows
 With fire and sword the fort maintain;
 Each was a Hercules, you tell us, 35
 Yet out they march'd like common men;
 Cannons above and mines below
 Did death and tombs for foes contrive,
 Yet matters have been order'd so
 That most of us are still alive. 40

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy
 Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks;
 Their siege did ten long years employ;
 We've done our bus'ness in ten weeks.

Quelle effroyable puissance
 Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,
 Presse à foudroyer tes monts ?
 Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne ?
 C'est Jupiter en personne ;
 Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

45

50

VI.

N'en doute point : c'est luy-mesme
 Tout brille en luy ; tout est Roy.
 Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
 Commence à trembler pour toy.
 En vain il voit le Batave,
 Deformais docile esclave,
 Rangé sous ses étendars :
 En vain au Lion Belgique
 Il voit l'Aigle Germanique
 Uni sous les Leopards.

55

60

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
 Dont ses sens sont agités,
 A son secours il appelle
 Les peuples les plus vantés.
 Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
 Ou s'enorgueillit le fage

65

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What godhead does so fast advance 45
 With dreadful pow'r those hills to gain?
 'Tis little Will, the scourge of France,
 No godhead, but the first of men.
 His mortal arm exerts the pow'r
 To keep ev'n Mons' victor under; 50
 And that same Jupiter no more
 Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur,
 Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
 To Bruxelles marches on secure 55
 To bomb the Monks and scare the Ladies.
 After this glorious expedition,
 One battle makes the Marshal great;
 He must perform the King's commission;
 Who knows but Orange may retreat? 60
 Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
 Or be prevail'd with not to fight;
 And mighty Louis hop'd no doubt
 That William would preserve that right.

VII.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po, 65
 See ev'ry mother's son appear:
 In such a case ne'er blame a foe
 If he betrays some little fear.
 He comes, the mighty Vill'roy comes,
 Finds a small river in his way; 70

De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux.
 Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
 Des marais de la Norvège
 Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

70

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre ?
 Sous les Jumeaux effrayés
 Des froids torrens de Decembre
 Les champs par tout sont noyés.
 Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
 De voir en proie à Borée
 Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
 Et sous les urnes fangeuses
 Des Hyades oragueuses
 Tous ses trésors submergés.

75

39

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
 Princes, vents, peuples, frimats ;
 Ramassez tous vos nuages ;
 Rassemblez tous vos soldats.
 Malgré vous Namur en poudre
 S'en va tomber sous la foudre
 Qui domta Lille, Courtray,

35

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So waves his colours, beats his drums,
 And thinks it prudent there to stay.
 The Gallick troops breathe blood and war;
 The Marshal cares not to march faster;
 Poor Vill'roy moves so slowly here 75
 We fancy'd all it was his master.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
 Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace;
 No torrents swell the low Mchayne?
 The world will say he durst not pass. 80
 Why will no Hyades appear,
 Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre?
 Just as they did that mighty year
 When you turn'd June into December.
 The water-nymphs are, too, unkind 85
 To Vill'roy; are the land-nymphs so?
 And fly they all, at once combin'd
 To shame a gen'ral and a beau?

IX.

Truth, justice, sense, religion, fame,
 May join to finish William's story; 90
 Nations set free may bless his name,
 And France in secret own his glory;
 But Ypres, Mastricht, and Cambray,
 Befancon, Ghent, Saint Omers, Lille,
 Courtray and Dole—Ye criticks, say,
 How poor to this was Pindar's style? 95

Gand la superbe Espagnole,
 Saint Omer, Bezancon, Dole,
 Ypres, Mastricht, et Cambray.

90

X.

Mes présages s'accomplissent ;
 Il commence à chanceler :
 Sous les coups qui retentissent
 Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
 Mars en feu qui les domine,
 Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine ;
 Et les bombes dans les airs
 Allant chercher le tonnere,
 Semblant tombant sur la terre,
 Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

95

100

XI.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,
 De ces murs l'unique espoir ;
 A couvert d'un drapeau
 Venez : vous pouvez venir.
 Considérez
 Voyez grand
 Cès athlètes
 Et dans les

105

With ekes and alfos tack thy strain,
 Great Bard! and sing the deathless prince
 Who lost Namur the same campaign
 He bought Dixmuyd and plunder'd Deynese. 100

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out;
 I'd tell it you but for the rattle
 Of those confounded drums; no doubt
 Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.
 Dear me! a hundred thousand French 105
 With terror fill the neighb'ring field,
 While William carries on the trench
 Till both the town and castle yield.
 Vill'roy to Boufflers should advance,
 Says Mars, thro' cannons mouths in fire; 110
Alas! one Marechal of France
 Tells th' other he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
 Vill'roy, or to Versailles take post,
 For having seen it, thou canst say 115
 The steps by which Namur was lost.
 The smoke and flame may vex thy sight;
 Look not once back; but as thou goest
 Quicken the squadrons in their flight,
 And bid the devil take the slowest. 120
 Think not what reason to produce
 From Louis to conceal thy fear:

Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avecque eux.

110

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeste,
Qui sort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui sur sa teste
Attire tous les regards.

A cet asire redoutable
Toujours un fort favorable
S'attche dans les combats :
Et toujours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vôle, et le suit à grands pas.

115

XIII.

Grands deffenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous : il en est temps :
Courage ; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.

Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont veü sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Coures donc : Qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'osez-vous la traverser ?

125

130

XIV.

Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.

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He'll own the strength of thy excuse,
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather 125
That us'd to shine so like a star;
The Gen'als could not get together
Wanting that influence, great in war;
O Poet! thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging the Monarch's hat so high, 130
If thou hadst dubb'd thy star a meteor
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight
Namur in vain expects that ray;
In vain France hopes the sickly light 135
Should shine near William's fuller day.
It knows Versailles, its proper station,
Nor cares for any foreign sphere:
Where you see Boileau's constellation
Be sure no danger can be near. 140

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force,
And William met them in their way,
Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse;
What has friend Boileau left to say?
When his high Muse is bent upon 't, 145
To sing her King, that great commander,

Quoy ? leur seul aspect vous glace ?
 Ou tant ces chefs pleins d'audace,
 Jadis si prompts à marcher,
 Qui devoient de la Tamise,
 Et de la Drave soumise,
 Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher ?

135

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
 Sur les remparts de Namur
 Son gouverneur qui se trouble
 S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
 Déjà jusques à ses portes
 Je voy monter nos cohortes,
 La flamme et le fer en main :
 Et sur les monceaux de piques,
 De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
 S'ouvrir un large chemin

140

145

150

XVI.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
 Sur ces rochers perdus
 Battre un signal pour se rendre :
 Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
 Dépouillez votre arrogance,
 Fiers ennemis de la France,
 Et de-formais gracieux,
 Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
 Porter les humbles nouvelles
 De Namur pris à vos yeux.

155

160

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Or on the shores of Hellespont,
 Or in the vallies near Scamander,
 Would it not spoil his noble task
 If any foolish Phrygian there is
 Impertinent enough to ask
 How far Namur may be from Paris?

150

XV.

Two stanzas more before we end,
 Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire;
 Leave 'em behind you honest Friend,
 And with your countrymen retire.
 Your ode is spoilt; Namur is freed:
 For Dixmuyd something yet is due;
 So good Count Guiscard may proceed;
 But, Boufflers, Sir, one word with you—

155

160

XVI.

'Tis done. In sight of these commanders
 Who neither fight nor raise the siege,
 The foes of France march safe thro' Flanders,
 Divide to Bruxelles or to Liege.
 Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
 That Boufflers may new honours gain;
 He the same play by land has shown
 As Tourville did upon the main.
 Yet is the Marshal made a peer:
 O, William! may thy arms advance,
 That he may lose Dinant next year,
 And so be Constable of France.

165

170

172

THE GARLAND.

I.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
 The violet sweet and lily fair.
 The dappled pink and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

4

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

8

III.

The flow'rs she wore along the day,
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
 That in her hair they look'd more gay
 Than glowing in their native bed.

12

IV.

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past,
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eyes she cast.

16

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear
 As any Muse's tongue could speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

20

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour, pr'ythee tell,
 That falling tear—what does it mean? 24

VII.

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
 Pointing, the lovely mor'lift said,
 See, Friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder what a change is made. 28

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
 And that of Beauty are but one;
 At morn both flourish bright and gay,
 Both fade at ev'ning, pale, and gone. 32

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung,
 The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
 At night her fatal knell was rung;
 I saw and kiss'd her in her shroud. 36

X.

Such as she is who dy'd to-day,
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow. 40

THE VICEROY.

A BALLAD.

To the tune of

LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY:

or,

THE STEPMOTHER'S CRUELTY.

I.

Of Nero *, tyrant, petty king,
 Who heretofore did reign
 In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
 And in a ditty plain.

4

II.

He hated was by rich and poor
 For reasons you shall hear;
 So ill he exercis'd his pow'r
 That he himself did fear.

8

III.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
 And covetous withal;
 The guilty he would still set free,
 But guiltless men enthrall.

12

IV.

He with a haughty impious nod
 Would curse and dogmatize,

* This satire was justly levelled at Lord Coningsby, for his mal-administration when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

Not fearing either man or God,
Gold he did idolize.

16

V.

A patriot * of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

20

VI.

And arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon
In low but faithful rhymes.

24

VII.

The articles † recorded stand
Against this peerless peer;
Search but the archives of the land
You'll find them written there.

28

VIII.

Attend and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light,
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall.)

32

IX.

That trait'rously he did abuse
The pow'r in him repos'd,

* The earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby of high treason in the English parliament.

† Sablart, 16 die Decembris, 5 Gulielmi & Mariae, 1690.

And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd. 36

X.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take. 40

XI.

Free-quarters for the army too
He did exact and force;
On Protestants his love to show,
Than Papist us'd them worse. 44

XII.

On all provisions destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Tho' many men were sick. 48

XIII.

The sutlers, too, he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away. 52

XIV.

By which provisions were so scant
That hundreds there did die;
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine cou'd they fly. 56

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XV.

He so much lov'd his private gain
He could not hear or see ;
They might or die or might complain
Without relief *hardie*.

69

XVI.

That above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite,
The farmer's fate decree;

64

XVII.

That he, *O ! Giel*, without trial,
Straitway should hanged be,
Tho' then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

68

XVIII.

No sooner said but it was done,
The Bourreau did his worst;
Gaphny, alas ! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

72

XIX.

In this concise despotick way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

76

XX.

Full two good hundred pounds a-year,
This poor man's real estate,

He settled on his fav'rite dear,
And Culliford can say 't. 80

XXI.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found;
He ow'd him to the bribe. 84

XXII.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him prosecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile;
With Satan who dispute? 88

XXIII.

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other done 't, I trow,
To tripos he had gone. 92

XXIV.

That he did likewise trait'rously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly;
O thief without compare! 96

XXV.

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin. 100

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XXVI.

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go;
Fierce Cerb'rus swallow'd all.

104

XXVII.

Mean while the soldiers sigh'd and sobb'd,
For not one sou had they;
His Excellence had each man sobb'd,
For he had sunk their pay.

108

XXVIII.

Nero, without the least disguise,
The Papists at all times
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

112

XXIX.

The Protestants, whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content.

116

XXX.

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy;
The Romans still he well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

122

XXXI.

Succinctly thus to you I've told
How this Viceroy did reign,

And other truths I shall unfold;
For truth is always plain.

124

XXXII.

The best of queens he hath revil'd
Before and since her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd
When she resign'd her breath.

128

XXXIII.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him bestow'd,
Like Lucifer, his ranc'rous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

132

XXXIV.

But listen, Nero, lend thy ears,
As still thou hast them on;
Hear what Britannia says, with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

136

XXXV.

" Oh! sacred be her memory,
" For ever dear her name;
" There never was or ere can be
" A brighter juster dame.

140

XXXVI.

" Blest be my sons, and eke all those
" Who on her praises dwell;
" She conquer'd Britain's fiercest foes,
" She did all queens excel.

144

XXXVII.

" All princes, kings, and potentates,
 " Ambassadors did fend;
 " All nations, provinces, and states,
 " Sought Anna for their friend.

148

XXXVIII.

" In Anna they did all confide,
 " For Anna they could trust;
 " Her royal faith they all had try'd,
 " For Anna still was just.

152

XXXIX.

" Truth, mercy, justice, did surround
 " Her awful judgment-seat;
 " In her the Graces all were found,
 " In Anna all complete.

156

XL.

" She held the sword and balance right,
 " And fought her people's good;
 " In clemency she did delight,
 " Her reign not stain'd with blood.

160

XLI.

" Her gracious goodness, piety,
 " In all her deeds did shine,
 " And bounteous was her charity,
 " All attributes divine.

164

XLII.

" Consummate wisdom, meekness, all
 " Adorn'd the words she spoke,

" When they from her fair lips did fall,
 " And sweet her lovely look.

168

XLIII.

" Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
 " She caus'd dire war to cease;
 " A greater empress ne'er was known,
 " She fix'd the world in peace.

172

XLIV.

" This last and godlike act achiev'd,
 " To heav'n she wing'd her flight;
 " Her loss with tears all Europe griev'd,
 " Their strength and dear delight.

176

XLV.

" Leave we in bliss this heav'nly saint,
 " Revere, ye Just, her urn;
 " Her virtues high and excellent,
 " Astrea gone we mourn.

180

XLVI.

" Commemorate, my Sons, the day
 " Which gave great Anna birth;
 " Keep it for ever and for aye,
 " And annual be your mirth."

184

XLVII.

Illustrious George now fills the throne,
 Our wise benign good king;
 Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
 Or his bright actions sing?

188

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XLVIII.

Thee, fav'rite Nero, he has deign'd
To raise to high degree!
Well thou thy honours hast sustain'd,
Well vouch'd thy ancestry.

192

XLIX.

But pass— These honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?
Don't Gaphny's blood which thou hast shed
Thy guilty soul affright?

196

L.

Oh! is there not, grim Mortal, tell,
Places of bliss and wo?
Oh! is there not a heav'n, a hell?
But whither wilt thou go?

200

L.I.

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And set thy wit to sale.

204

L.II.

How thou art lost to sense and shame
Three countries witness be;
Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Lit'ra nos Domine.

208

L.III.

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,
Her sword is brandish'd high;

Volume I.

M

Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
Nor canst thou from her fly.

212

I.IV.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glitt'ring steel is sure;
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

216

I.V.

To her I leave thee, gloomy Peer,
Think on thy crimes committed;
Repent, and be for once sincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

220

DOWN-HALL.

A BALLAD.

To the tune of

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

Written in the year 1715.

I.

I sing not old Jafon who travell'd thro' Greece
To kiss the fair maids and possess the rich fleece,
Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one wife and went far for another,

4

Derry dozen, dozen, hey derry dozen

II.

Nor him who thro' Asia and Europe did roam,
Ulysses by name, who ne'er car'd to go home,

But r
That

Hang
A m
The
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But
By t
And
Fair

Now
How
For b
Full

And
I fair

* N
Essex,
great
fellow
a grou

But rather desir'd to see cities and men 7
 Than return to his farms and converse with old Pen,
Derry down, &c.

III.

Hang Homer and Virgil; their meaning to seek,
 A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
 Those who love their own tongue, we have reason to
 Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope, (hope,
Derry down, &c.

IV.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done 13
 By two British heroes call'd Matthew and John*,
 And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
 Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down, 16
Derry down, &c.

V.

Now ere they went out, you may rightly suppose
 How much they discours'd both in prudence and prose:
 For before this great journey was thoroughly concerted,
 Full often they met and as often they parted, 20
Derry down, &c.

VI.

And thus Matthew said, Look you here my friend
 I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one, [John,

* Matthew Prior, Esq. and John Morley of Hallstead in Essex, Esq. bred a butcher, (but was accounted one of the greatest land jobbers in England) and in honour of his profession annually killed a hog in the publick market, and took a great for it. He died 1732.

And tho' I still carry'd my Sovereign's warrants,
 I only have gone upon other folks errands, 24
Derry down, &c.

VII.

And now in this journey of life I would have
 A place where to bait 'twixt the court and the grave,
 Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—
 Gadzooks, I have just such a place in my eye, 28
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

There are gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
 A portal of stone, and a fabrick of brick;
 'The matter next week shall be all in your pow'r; 31
 But the money, Gadzooks, must be paid in an hour,
Derry down, &c.

IX.

For things in this world must by law be made certain;
 We both must repair unto Oliver Martin,
 For he is a lawyer of worthy renown:
 I'll bring you to see he must fix you at Down, 36
Derry down, &c.

X.

Quoth Matthew, I know that from Berwick to Dover
 You've sold all our premises over and over;
 And now if your buyers and sellers agree
 You may throw all our acres into the South-sea, 40
Derry down, &c.

XI.

But a word to the purpose ; to-morrow, dear friend,
 We'll see what to-night you so highly commend,
 And if with a garden and house I am blest,
 Let the devil and Coninby* go with the rest, 4
Derry down, &c.

XII.

Then answer'd 'Squire Morley, pray, get a calash,
 That in summer may burn and in winter may scorch;
 Have dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure
 To take with me much of the soil that I measure, 4
Derry down, &c.

XIII.

But Matthew thought better, for Matthew thought
 And hired a chariot so trim and so tight, Bright,
 That extremes both of winter and summer might pass,
 For one window was canvas, the other was glass, 5
Derry down, &c.

XIV.

Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; pull down, quoth
 We shall be both hotter and colder anon, friend John;
 Thus talking and scolding they forward did speed,
 And Ralpho pac'd by under Newman the Swede, 5
Derry down, &c.

XV.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
 At a town they call Hockton, the sign of the Bull,

* Lord Coningby, with whom he had dined.

M 11

Near a nymph with an urn, that divides the highway,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea, 60

Derry down, &c.

XVI.

Come here, my sweet landlady, pray, how d' ye do?
Where is Cicily so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago? 64

Derry down, &c.

XVII.

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear?
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear.
By my troth, she replies, you grow younger I think;
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink? 68

Derry down, &c.

XVIII.

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first:
Why things since I saw you most strangely have vary'd;
'The hostler is hang'd and the widow is marry'd, 72

Derry down, &c.

XIX.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year, 76

Derry down, &c.

XX.

Well, peace to her ashes ; what signifies grief ?
 She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef ;
 Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish,
 For tough was her pallets and tender her fish, 80
Derry down, &c.

XXI.

For that matter, Sir, be ye 'squire, knight, or lord,
 I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford :
 I should look on myself as unhappily sped
 Did I yield to a sister or living or dead, 84
Derry down, &c.

XXII.

Of mutton a delicate neck and a breast,
 Shall swim in the water in which they were drest ;
 And because you great folks are with rarities taken,
 Addle-eggs shall be next course, to stup with rank bacon,
Derry down, &c.

XXIII.

Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they were laid,
 And Morley most lovingly whisper'd the maid. 90
 The maid! was she handsome? why, truly so so :
 But what Morley whisper'd we never shall know,
Derry down, &c.

XXIV.

Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the sun,
 And their horses, like his, were prepared to run : 94

Now when in the morning Matt ask'd for the score,
John kindly had paid it the ev'ning before,

Derry down, &c.

XXV.

Their breakfast so warm, to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet: 98

And thus with great friendship and glee they went on
To find out the place you shall hear of anon,

Called Down, Down, hey derry down.

XXVI.

But what did they talk of from morning till noon?
Why, of spots in the sun, and the man in the moon;
Of the Czar's gentle temper, the Rocks in the City,
The wise men of Greece, and the Secret Committee,

Derry down, &c.

XXVII.

So to Harlow they came; and hey, where are you all?
Shew us into the parlour, and mind when I call: 106
Why, your maids have no motion, your men have no
Well, master, I hear you have bury'd your wife, [life;

Derry down, &c.

XXVIII.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
'Tea, sugar, and toast, and a horse and a guide. 110
Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the young?
And where stands fair Down, the delight of my song,

Derry down, &c.

XXIX.

O Squire, to the grief of my heart I may say
 I have bury'd two wives since you travell'd this way;
 And the Harrisons both may be presently here; 115
 And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last year,
Derry down, &c.

XXX.

Then Joan brought the teapot, and Caleb the toast,
 And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine
 But we clear'd our extempore banquet so fast, [host;
 That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste, 120
Derry down, &c.

XXXI.

Now hey for Down-Hall; for the guide he was got;
 The chariot was mounted, the horses did trot;
 The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round;
 But, oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found,
Derry down, &c.

XXXII.

O thou Popish guide, thou hast led us astray. 125
 Says he, How the dev'l should I know the way?
 I never yet travell'd this road in my life;
 But Down lies on the left I was told by my wife,
Derry down, &c.

XXXIII.

Thy wife, answer'd Matthew, when she went abroad,
 Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod; 130

Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy
But thou shalt go home without ever a fous, [house,

Derry down, &c.

XXXIV.

What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our estate here before we have seen it:
Have patience, soft Morley, in anger, reply'd;

To find out our way let us send off our guide, 136

Derry down, &c.

XXXV.

O here I spy Down; cast your eye to the west,
Where a windmill so stately stands plainly confest.
On the west I reply'd Matthew, no windmill I find;
As well thou may'st tell me I see the west wind, 140

Derry down, &c.

XXXVI.

Now pardon me, Morley, the windmill I spy,
But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh [blind;
Look again, says mild Morley, Gadzooks, you are
The mill stands before and the house lies behind, 144

Derry down, &c.

XXXVII.

O now a low ruin'd white shed I discern,
Until'd and unglaz'd, I believe 't is a barn.
A barn! why you rave; 't is a house for a 'quire,
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire, 148

Derry down, &c.

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XXXVIII.

A house should be built or with brick or with stone.
 Why, 'tis plaister and lath, and I think that 's all one;
 And such as it is it has stood with great fame,
 Been called a Hall, and has given its name 152

To Derry, Derry, hey derry derry

XXXIX.

O Morley, O Morley, if that be a Hall,
 The fame with the building will suddenly fall—
 With your friend Jenmy Gibbs about buildings agree,
 My bus'ness is land, and it matters not me, 156

Derry derry, &c.

XL.

I wish you could tell what a deuce your head ails;
 I shew'd you Down-Hall, did you look for Versailles?
 Then take house and farm as John Ballet will let ye,
 For better for worse, as I took my dame Betty, 160

Derry derry, &c.

XLI.

And now, Sir, a word to the wife is enough;
 You'll make very little of all your old stuff; [simple;
 And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow
 Are you young and rich like the master of Wimble*?

Derry derry, &c.

XLII.

If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
 From twice fifty acres you'll near see five farthings;

* Edward late Earl of Oxford.

And in your's I shall find the true gentleman's fate,
 Ere you finish your house you'll have spent your estate,
Derry down, &c.

XLIII.

Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
 Here, John, is my thumb; and here, Mat, is my heart:
 To Halstead I speed, and you go back to Fown;
 Thus ends the first part of the ballad of Down, 172
Derry down, down, bey derry down.

A SONG.

If wine and musick have the pow'r
 To ease the sickness of the soul,
 Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl:
 Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my Cloe's absence light,
 And seek for pleasure to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return:
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
 Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind goddess, to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own,
 Thy darling Loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

REA
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SONGS SET TO MUSICK

BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. SET BY MR. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy,
 Wine breeds vices and diseases,
 Wealth is but care, and love but folly,
 Only friendship truly pleases.
 My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly,
 Farewell all if friendship ceases.

6

II. SET BY MR. PURCELL.

I.

WHETHER would my passion run?
 Shall I fly her or pursue her?
 Losing her I am undone,
 Yet would not gain her to undo her.

4

II.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
 Love and Reason! cease your war,
 And order Death to give me rest,
 So each will equal triumph share.

8

III. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
 With such rigour in your eyes?

Alone I.

N

Oh! 't is cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I so much prize.

II.

But I plainly see the reason
Why in vain I you pursu'd;
Her to gain 't was out of season,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

Come, weep no more, for 't is in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart;
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as that we now must part.

II.

You sigh and weep; the gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall;
Our joy and grief with like respect
They mind, and that is not at all.

III.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our state;
They hear, and the return we find
Is that no pray'rs can alter Fate.

IV.

Then clear your brow and look more gay;
Do not yourself to grief resign;

Who knows but that those pow'rs may
The pair they now have parted join?

16

V

But since they have thus cruel been,
And could I such constant lovers sever,
I dare not trust, lest now they're in,
They should divide us two for ever.

20

VI.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Rememb'ring tho' upon what score;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

24

VII.

Yet should our sun shine out at last,
And Fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast
To make two wand'ring lovers meet,

28

VIII.

How great then would our pleasure be
To find Heav'n kinder than believ'd,
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

32

IX.

But say, should Heav'n bring no relief,
Suppose our sun should never rise,
Why then, what's due to such a grief
We've paid already with our eyes.

36

V. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

LET perjur'd fair Amynta know
 What for her sake I undergo;
 Tell her, for her how I sustain
 A ling'ring fever's wasting pain;
 Tell her the torments I endure,
 Which only, only, she can cure.

6

II.

But, oh! she scorns to hear or see
 The wretch that lies so low as me;
 Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
 And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain.
 For ne'er 't was found (tho' often try'd)
 That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

12

VI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
 And of each other had our fill,
 Tell me what pleasure you can find
 In forcing Nature 'gainst her will.

4

II.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain
 Keep in some glowings of desire,
 But still those glowings which remain
 Are only ashes of the fire.

8

III.

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool
Who would Love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

12

IV.

Let us no impositions set
Or clogs upon each other's heart ;
But as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.

16

V.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free ;
Thyrsis expects you in yon' grove,
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

20

VII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more,
It is too plain an art :
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull
As not to know your heart.

6

II.

In vain you fancy to deceive ;
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a sham ;

N H

Since any one may plainly see
 You'd only save yourself with me,
 And with another damn.

12

VIII SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

Still, DORINDA, I adore;
 Think I mean not to deceive ye,
 For I lov'd you much before,
 And, alas! now love you more,
 Tho' I force myself to leave you.

3

II.

Staying I my vows shall fail,
 Virtue yields as love grows stronger;
 Fierce desires will prevail,
 You are fair and I am frail,
 And dare trust myself no longer.

10

III.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
 Left I should have gain'd the treasure,
 Made my vows and oaths destroy
 The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
 Of all my future peace and pleasure.

35

IV.

To my vows I have been true,
 And in silence hid my anguish,
 But I cannot promise too
 What my love may make me do
 While with her for whom I languish.

23

V.

For in thee strange magick lies,
 And my heart is too too tender;
 Nothing's proof against those eyes,
 Best resolves and strictest ties
 To their force must soon surrender.

25

VI.

Eut, Dorinda, you're severe,
 I much doting thus to sever;
 Since from all I hold most dear,
 That you may no longer fear,
 I divorce myself for ever.

30

IX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

Is it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
 Or by the Fates decreed,
 That hearts so seldom sympathize,
 Or for each other bleed?

4

II.

If thou wouldst make two youthful hearts
 One am'rous shaft obey,
 'Twould save thee the expence of darts,
 And more extend thy sway.

8

III.

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
 Thyself, thy growing pow'r,
 For that which would be stretch'd by joy
 Despair will soon devour.

12

IV.

Ah! wound then my relentless fair
 For thy own sake and mine,
 That boundless bliss may be my share,
 And double glory thine.

16

X. SET BY MR. SMITH.

WHY, Harry, what ails you? why look you so sad?
 To think and ne'er drink will make you stark mad.
 'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy,
 Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
 But wine of the three 's the most cordial brother,
 For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

6

XI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

MORELLA, charming without art,
 And kind without design,
 Can never lose the smallest part
 Of such a heart as mine.

4

II.

Oblig'd a thousand sev'ral ways,
 It ne'er can break her chains,
 While passion which her beauties raise
 My gratitude maintains.

2

XII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

SINCE my words, tho ne'er so tender,
 With sincerest truth express'd,
 Cannot make your heart surrender,
 Nor so much as warm your breast ;

4

II.

What will move the springs of Nature ?
 What will make you think me true ?
 Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
 Tell poor Strephon what will do.

8

III.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover
 Thus, by seeming not to know
 What so plainly all discover,
 What his eyes so plainly show.

12

IV.

Fair one, 't is yourself deceiving,
 'Tis against your reason's laws ;
 Atheist-like (th' effect perceiving)
 Still to disbelieve the cause.

16

XIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

Love ! inform thy faithful creature
 How to keep his fair one's heart ;
 Must it be by truth of nature,
 Or by poor dissembling art ?

4

II.

Tell the secret, shew the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I am lost if we're asunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

8

XIV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been so still!
Enjoying sweetest liberty,
And roving at my will.

4

II.

But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does so decide,
That two she tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.

8

III.

Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without control;
Phillis has such a taking way
She charms my very soul.

12

IV.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run;
Victoria shews me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not shun.

16

V.

From one I fancy ev'ry kiss
Has something in 't divine,
And awful taste the balmy bliss
That joins her lips with mine.

20

VI.

But when with th' other I embrace,
Tho' she be not a queen,
Methinks 't is sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

24

VII.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
But I mean while the fool;
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

28

VIII.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield;
I find the time approaches fast
When both must quit the field.

32

XV. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

FAREWELL Amynta, we must part,
The charm has lost its pow'r
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

4

II.

I hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
 And us'd me ne'er so ill,
 Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
 And I had lov'd thee still.

8

III.

But know, my soul disdain'd thy sway,
 And scorns thy charms and thee,
 To which each flutt'ring coxcomb may
 As welcome be as me.

12

IV.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
 How lov'd before thy fall,
 And now, alas! how much disdain'd
 By me and scorn'd by all.

16

V.

Yet thinking of each happy hour
 Which I with thee have spent,
 So robs my rage of all its pow'r,
 That I almost relent.

20

VI.

But pride will never let me bow;
 No more thy charms can move;
 Yet thou art worth my pity now,
 Because thou hadst my love.

24

XVI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

ACCEPT, my Love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave;
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

4

II.

Then take it kindly, as 't was meant,
And let the giver live,
Who with it would the world have sent
Had it been his to give.

8

III.

And that Derinda may not fear
Ie'er will prove untrue,
My vows shall, ending with the year,
With it begin a new.

12

XVII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
And with kindly chiding eyes
Faintly says I shall undo her;
Faintly, O, forbear! she cries.

4

II.

But her breasts while I am pressing,
While to her's my lips I join,
Warm'd, she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

8

Volume I.

O

III.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
 Innocence with Nature charms;
 One bids gently push me from her,
 Th' other take me in her arms.

12

XVIII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

I.

SINCE we your husband daily see
 So jealous out of season,
 Phillis, let you and I agree
 To make him so with reason.

4

II.

I'm vex'd to think that ev'ry night
 A lot, within thy arms,
 Tasting the most divine delight,
 Should fully all your charms.

8

III.

While fretting I must lie alone,
 Curling the pow'rs divine,
 That undeservedly have thrown
 A pearl unto a swine.

12

IV.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
 My burning passion cool;
 Let me at least in thee have part
 With thy insipid fool.

16

V.

Let him by night his joys pursue,
And blunder in the dark,
While I by day enjoying you,
Can see to hit the mark.

20

XIX SET BY MR. C. R.

I.

PHILLIS, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I shall turn an errant rover
If the favour's still refus'd.

4

II.

Faith 't is nonsense out of measure,
Without ending thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

8

III.

Let not Pride and Folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will Age or Censure spare you
E'er the more for being coy.

12

IV.

Never fancy time's before you;
Youth believe me will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

16

O ij

V.

All the swains on you attending
 Show how much your charms deserve;
 But, miser-like, for fear of spending
 You amidst your plenty starve.

20

VI.

While a thousand freer lasses,
 Who their youth and charms employ,
 Tho' your beauty theirs surpasses,
 Live in far more perfect joy.

24

XX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

SINCE by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
 And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms,
 Against my will I must obey,
 And leave those sweet endearing charms.

4

II.

Yet still love on, and never fear
 But you and constancy will prove
 Enough my present flame to bear,
 And make me tho' in absence love.

8

III.

For tho' your presence Fate denies,
 I feel, alas! the killing smart,
 And can with undiscerned eyes
 Behold your picture in my heart

12

XXI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Touch the lyre, touch ev'ry string;
 Touch it, Orpheus; I will sing
 A song which shall immortal be,
 Since she I sing 's a deity;
 A Leonora, whose blest birth
 Has no relation to this earth.

6

XXII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

In vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
 To ease his tortur'd breast,
 Since Amoret the cure denies,
 And makes his pain a jest.

4

II.

Ah! fair one, why to me so coy,
 And why to him so true?
 Who with more coldness flights the joy
 Than I with love pursue.

8

III.

Die, then, unhappy lover, die;
 For since she gives thee death,
 The world has nothing that can buy
 A minute more of breath.

12

IV.

Yet tho' I could your scorn outlive,
 'Twere folly, since to me

O H

Not love itself a joy can give
But Amoret in thee.

16

XXIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

I.

WELL, I will never more complain,
Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceitedness does reign
In ev'ry mortal mind.

5

II.

'Tis true, they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a fight;
I rag'd, for I could not espy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Disguis'd in that delight.

10

III.

At last, my wishes to fulfil,
They did their pow'r resign;
I saw her, but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

15

IV.

Yet I by this have learn'd the wit
Never to grieve or fret;
Contentedly I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least regret.

20

XXIV. SET BY MR. C. R.

I.

CLOZ beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Ev'ry charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome woman.

4

II.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature,
For she's merciful and kind;
Beauty's answer'd by good-nature.

8

III.

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never sparing,
And, as all good Christians should,
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.

12

IV.

Jove the pow'r knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure 'em,
So providing 'gainst all harms,
Gave to her the pow'r to cure 'em.

16

V.

And 'twou'd be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
Should she not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

20

XXV.

I.

SINCE Moggy I mun bid adieu,
 How can I help despairing?
 Let cruel Fate us still pursue,
 There 's nought more worth my caring.

4

II.

'Twas she alone could calm my soul
 When racking thoughts did grieve me;
 Her eyes my trouble cou'd control,
 And into joys deceive me.

8

III.

Farewell ye Brooks! no more along
 Your banks mun I be walking;
 No more you 'll hear my pipe or song,
 Or pretty Moggy's talking.

12

IV.

But I by death an end will give
 To grief since we mun sever;
 For who can after parting live
 Ought to be wretched ever.

16

XXVI.

I.

SOME kind angel, gently flying,
 Mov'd with pity at my pain,
 Tell Corinna I am dying,
 Till with joy we meet again.

4

Tell
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II.

Tell Corinna, since we parted
 I have never known delight,
 And shall soon be broken-hearted
 If I longer want her sight.

3

III.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
 Thinks each lazy day a year,
 Cursing ev'ry morn returning,
 Since Corinna is not here.

12

IV.

Tell her, too, not distant places,
 Will she be but true and kind,
 Join'd with time and change of faces,
 E'er shall shake my constant mind.

16

XXVII.

I. HASTE, my Nannette,
 My lovely maid,
 Haste to the bow'r
 Thy swain has made.

4

II. For thee alone
 I made the bow'r,
 And strew'd the couch
 With many a flow'r.

8

III. None but my sheep
 Shall near us come:
 Venus be prais'd
 My sheep are dumb.

12

IV. Great god of love
 Take thou my crook
 To keep the wolf
 From Nannette's flock. 16

V. Guard thou the sheep
 To her so dear;
 My own, alas!
 Are less my care. 20

VI. But of the wolf
 If thou'rt afraid,
 Come not to us
 To call for aid; 24

VII. For with her swain
 My love shall stay,
 Tho' the wolf stroll
 And the sheep stray. 28

XXVIII. NELLY.

I.

WHILST others proclaim
 This nymph or that swain,
 Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
 She shall grace ev'ry verse,
 I'll her beauties rehearse,
 Which lovers can't think an ill thing. 6

II.

Her eyes shine as bright
 As stars in the night;
 Her complexion's divinely fair;

Her lips red as a cherry,
Wou'd a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

12

III.

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like iv'ry inchas'd,
Her teeth are well plac'd;
An exquisite beauty she is.

18

IV.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms;
Oh! spare then the rest,
And think of the best;
'Tis heav'n to die in her arms.

24

V.

She's blooming as May,
Bright, lively, and gay,
The Graces play all round about her;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

30

TALES.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIACK TALE *.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
A widow Turtle pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
The Sparrow chanc'd that way to walk, 5
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk)
Be sure he did the Turtle greet,
She answer'd him as she thought meet:
Sparrows and Turtles, by the by,
Can think as well as you or I; 10
But how they did their thoughts express
The margin shews by T. and S.
T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged Lovers, come, 15
Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb;
Sing, Philomel, his fun'ral verse,
Ye pious Redbreasts deck his hearse;
Fair Swans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes; 20

* This piece was written upon the sincere affection shewn by Q. Anne for the loss of her Royal Consort, 1708.

For him, my friend, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies,
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Those cheeks, where beautey smiling lay, 25
Those eyes, where Love was us'd to play;
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That beauty and those joys are flown!

Columbo is no more: ye Floods,
Bear the sad sound to distant woods; 30
The sound let Echo's voice restore,
And say, Columbo is no more.

Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

The Dryads all forsook the wood, 35
And mournful Naiads round me stood,
The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame,
To sigh for him, with me to moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone. 40

Venus disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my second vow:
The Loves that round their mother flew 45
Did in her face her sorrows view;
Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung;

They heard attentive what I said,
 And wept, with me, Columbo dead : 50
 For him I sigh, for him I moan,
 My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

'Tis ours to weep, great Venus said,
 'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd;
 Nor birds nor goddeses can move 55
 The just benefits of fatal Jove :
 I saw thy mate with sad regret,
 And curs'd the fowler's cruel net :
 Ah! dear Columbo, how he fell,
 Whom Turtarella lov'd so well! 60
 I saw him bleeding on the ground,
 The fight tore up my ancient wound ;
 And whilst you wept, alas! I cry'd,
 Columbo and Adonis dy'd.

Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan; 65
 I mourn Columbo, dead and gone ;
 Still let my tender grief complain,
 Nor day nor night that grief restrain ;
 I said, and Venus still reply'd,
 Columbo and Adonis dy'd. 70

S. Poor Turtarella, hard thy case,
 And just thy tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear
 With piteous heart a lover's care!
 Come then with me thy sorrow join, 75
 And ease my woes by telling thine ;

For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'st moan
Some *Passerella*, dead and gone.

S. Dame turtle, this runs soft in rhyme,
But neither suits the place nor time ; 80
The fowler's hand, whose cruel care
For dear Columbo set the snare,
The snare again for thee may set ;
Two birds may perish in one net :
Thou shouldst avoid this cruel field, 85
And sorrow should to prudence yield.

'Tis sad to die —

T. ——— It may be so ;
'Tis sadder yet to live in wo.

S. When widows use their canting strain 90
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When wid'wers would this truth disprove,
They never tasted real love.

S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
His efforts all depend on life : 95

When he has thrown two golden darts,
And struck the lovers mutual hearts,
Of his black shafts let Death send one,
Alas! the pleasing game is done ;
Ill is the poor survivor sped, 100
A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus said right, Nor tears can move
Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove.

All must obey the gen'ral doom,
 Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
 Great Gano will not be withstood
 By force or craft, Tall Robinhood,
 As well as little John, is dead,
 (You see how deeply I am read)
 With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge,
 He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
 Ajax, to shun his gen'ral pow'r,
 In vain absconded in a flow'r.
 An idle scene Tythonus acted,
 When to a grasshopper contracted;
 Death struck them in those shapes again,
 As once he did when they were men.

For reptiles perish, plants decay;
 Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay,
 And hay to dung, and dung to clay.

Thus heads extremely nice discover
 That folks may die some ten times over;
 But oft' by too refin'd a touch
 To prove things plain they prove too much.
 Whate'er Pythagoras may say,
 (For each you know will have his way)
 With great submission I pronounce
 That people die no more than once:
 But once is sure, and death is common
 To bird and man, including woman:

105

110

115

120

125

130

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From the spread eagle to the wren,
 Alas! no mortal fowl knows when.
 All that wear feathers, first or last,
 Must one day perch on Charon's mast;
 Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
 Where Strada's nightingale was laid.
 Those fowl who seem alive to sit,
 Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
 In prose have slept three hundred years,
 Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
 And, laid in state upon their hearse,
 Are truly but embalm'd in verse.

135

140

145

As sure as Lesbia's Sparrow I,
 Thou sure as Prior's Dove, must die,
 And ne'er again from Lethe's streams
 Return to Adda or to Thames.

T I therefore weep Columbo dead,
 My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled;
 I therefore must for ever moan
 My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

150

S. Columbo never sees your tears,
 Your cries Columbo never hears;
 A wall of brass and one of lead
 Divide the living from the dead;
 Repell'd by this the gather'd rain
 Of tears beats back to earth again;
 In th' other the collected sound
 Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.

155

'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
What time itself can ne'er retrieve. 160

By nature soft, I know a dove
Can never live without her love;
'Then quit this flame, and light another,
Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, I to make a second choice! 165
In other nuptials to rejoice!

S. Why not, my bird!—

T. —No, Sparrow, no;
I let me indulge my pleasing wo:
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain, 170
But never wish nor love again:
Dittres'd, for ever let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged friends thro' all the grove
Contemn thy mad excess of love: 175
I tell thee, Dame, the other day
I met a parrot and a jay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimick tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said, 180
My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
And I for ever must deplore
Columbo, dead and gone.—S. *Encore!*
For shame, forsake this Byon-style;
We'll talk an hour and walk a mile. 185

Does it with sense or health agree
 To sit thus moping on a tree?
 To throw away a widow's life,
 When you again may be a wife?
 Come on, I'll tell you my amours;
 Who knows but they may influence yours?
 Example draws when precept fails,
 And sermons are less read than tales.

190

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend;
 As such will hear thee: I descend;
 Hop on and talk; but, honest bird,
 Take care that no immodest word
 May venture to offend my ear.

195

S. Too saint-like Turtle, never fear;
 By method things are best discuss,
 Begin we then with wife the first:
 A handsome, senseless, awkward, fool,
 Who would not yield, and could not rule,
 Her actions did her charms disgrace,
 And still her tongue talk'd of her face;
 Count me the leaves of yonder tree,
 So many different wills had she,
 And, like the leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
 Those wills were chang'd with ev'ry wind:
 She courted the *beau-monde* to-night,
 L'*assemblée* her supreme delight;
 The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
 And in full health enjoy'd the spleen;

200

205

210

She censur'd that, she alter'd this,
 And with great care set all amiss; 215
 She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
 Now sing, now pout, all God knows why:
 Short was her reign, she cough'd and dy'd.
 Proceed we to my second bride.
 Well born she was, genteelly bred, 220
 And buxom both at board and bed;
 Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
 And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
 No other fault had she in life,
 But only that she was my wife *. 225
 O widow Turtle! ev'ry she,
 (So nature's pleasure does decree)
 Appears a goddess till enjoy'd;
 But birds, and men, and gods, are cloy'd.
 Was Hercules one woman's man? 230
 Or Jove for ever Læda's swan?
 Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,
 Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow bacon.
 Variety alone gives joy;
 The sweetest meats the soonest cloy. 235
 What Sparrow, Dame, what Dove alive,
 Tho' Venus should the chariot drive,
 But would accuse the harness' weight,
 If always coupled to one mate,
 And often with the fetter broke? 240
 'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.

* See the Wife's Excuse, a comedy.

T. Impious to wish to wed again
Ere death dissolv'd the former chain!

S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest.

She brought me sons, but Jove be blest
She dy'd in childbed on the nest.

145 }

Well, rest her bones, quoth I, she's gone;
But must I therefore lie alone?

What, am I to her mem'ry ty'd?

Must I not live because she dy'd?

250

And thus I logically said,

('Tis good to have a reas'ning head)

Is this my wife? *probatur* not;

For death dissolv'd the marriage-knot:

She was, *concedo*, during life;

255

But is a piece of clay a wife?

Again, if not wife, do ye see,

Why then, no kin at all to me;

And he who gen'ral tears can shed

For folks that happen to be dead

260

May e'en with equal justice mourn

For those who never yet were born.

T. Those points, indeed, you quaintly prove,
But logick is no friend to love.

S. My children then were just pen-feather'd; 265

Some little corn for them I gather'd,

And sent them to my spouse's mother,

So left that brood to get another;

And as old Harry whilom said,

Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead,

270

Cockbones, I now again do stand
The jolly 'il bachelor i' th' land.

T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes, are fled;
My first, my only love is dead;
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loss——

275

S. —— Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow;
I woo'd my cousin, Philly Sparrow,
O' th' elder house of Chirping-End,
From whence the younger branch descend.
Well seated in a field of pease
She liv'd, extremely at her ease;
But when the honey-moon was past,
The following nights were soon o'ercastr;
She kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-straw:
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
As more we knew each other's mind.
She soon grew sullen, I hard-hearted;
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, blessed town, I went;
She boarded at a farm in Kent:
A magpye from the country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead:
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And set my heart again to sale.

280

285

290

295

My fourth a mere coquette, or such
I thought her, nor avails it much.

If true or false : our troubles spring
More from the fancy than the thing. 300
Two staring horns, I often said,
But ill become a Sparrow's head;
But then to set that balance even
Your cuckold Sparrow goes to heav'n. 305
The thing you fear, suppose it done,
If you inquire you make it known;
Whilst at the root your horns are sore,
The more you scratch they ache the more.
But turn the tables and reflect, 310
All may not be that you suspect :
By the mind's eye the horns we mean
Are only in ideas seen;
'Tis from the inside o' the head
'Their branches shoot, their antlers spread; 315
Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
You feel 'em from the time you fear 'em;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that echo'd word
Offends the ear of vulgar bird;
But those of finer taste have found 320
There's nothing in 't beside the sound.
Preferment always waits on horns,
And household peace the gift adorns :
This way or that let factions tend,
The spark is still the cuckold's friend : 325
This way or that let madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.

Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain,
 And what La Fontaine laughing says 330
 Is serious truth in such a case :

“ Who flights the evil finds it least ;
 “ And who does nothing does the best.”
 I never strove to rule the roast,
 She ne’er refus’d to pledge my toast : 335

In visits if we chanc’d to meet,
 I seem’d obliging, she discreet :
 We neither much carefs’d nor strove,
 But good dissembling past for love.

T. Whate’er of light our eye may know, 340
 ’Tis only light itself can show ;
 Whate’er of love our heart can feel,
 ’Tis mutual love alone can tell.

S. My pretty am’rous foolish bird,
 A moment’s patience. In one word, 345
 The three kind sisters broke the chain ;
 She dy’d, I mourn’d, and woo’d again.

T. Let me with juster grief deplore
 My dear Columbo, now no more ;
 Let me with constant tears bewail— 350

S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.
 My fifth she prov’d a jealous wife,
 Lord shield us all from such a life !
 ’Twas doubt, complaint reply, chit-chat,
 ’Twas this to-day, to-morrow that. 355

Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
 I kept a miss; an honest rook
 Told it a snipe, who told a freer,
 Who told it those who told it her.

One day a linnet and a lark 360
 Had met me strolling in the dark;
 The next a woodcock and an owl,
 Quicklighted, grave, and sober fowl,
 Would on their corp'ral oath alledge
 I kiss'd a hen behind the hedge. 365

Well, Madam Turtle, to be brief,
 (Repeating but renews our grief)
 As once she watch'd me from a rail,
 Poor soul! her footing chanc'd to fail,
 And down she fell and broke her hip; 370
 The fever came, and then the pip:
 Death did the only cure apply;
 She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Could Love unmov'd these changes view?
 His sorrows as his joys are true. 375

S. My dearest Dove, one wise man says,
 Alluding to our present case,
 "We're here to-day and gone to-morrow;"
 Then what avails superfluous sorrow?
 Another full as wise as he 380
 Adds, that "a marry'd man may see
 "Two happy hours;" and which are they?
 The first and last, perhaps you'll say:

Volume I.

2

'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
 And when she peaceably lies dead,
 "Women 't wint sheets are best," 'tis said,
 Be they of hoiland or of lead.

385

Now cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
 And sliding down the vale of years,
 I hop'd to fix my future rest,
 And took a widow to my nest.

390

Ah! Turtle! had she been like thee,
 Sober yet gentle, wise yet free;
 But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
 A witch ingrafted on a scold.

395

Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
 A hundred ills to vex mankind;
 'To vex one bird in her bandore
 He hid at least a hundred more,

And soon as time that veil withdrew
 The plagues o'er all the parish flew;
 Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
 And native tempests arm'd her eye;
 Black clouds around her forehead hung,
 And thunder rattled on her tongue.

400

405

We, young or old, or cock or hen,
 All liv'd in Æolus' den;
 The nearest her the more accurst,
 Ill-fall'd her friends, her husband worst;
 But Jove amidst his anger spares,
 Remarks our faults, but hears our pray'rs.

410

In short she dy'd. Why then she's dead,
 Quoth I, and once again 'll wed.
 Would heav'n this mourning year were past
 One may have better luck at last. 415
 Matters at world are sure to mend;
 The devil's wife was but a fiend.

T. Thy tale has rais'd a Turtle's spleen;
 Uxorious inmate, bird obscene,
 Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves, 420
 These silent seats of faithful loves?
 Begone; with flagging wings sit down
 On some old penthouse near the town;
 In brewers stables peck thy grain,
 Then wash it down with puddled rain, 425
 And hear thy dirty off-spring squall
 From bottles on a suburb-wall.
 Where thou hast been return again,
 Vile bird! thou hast convers'd with men:
 Notions like these from men are giv'n, 430
 Those vilest creatures under heav'n.

To cities and to courts repair,
 Flatt'ry and falsehood flourish there;
 There all thy wretched arts employ
 Where riches triumph over joy, 435
 Where passions do with int'rest barter,
 And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
 Where truth by point of law is parry'd,
 And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

Qij

APPLICATION.

O Dearest daughter of two dearest friends * 440
 To thee my Muse this little Tale commends.
 Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
 Long love his person, tho' deplore his fate;
 Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,
 For constant virtue has immortal charms; 445
 And when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
 And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
 Vouchsafe to say, Ere I could write or spell,
 'The Bard who from my cradle wish'd me well
 'Told me I should the prating Sparrow blame,
 And bid me imitate the Turtle's flame. 451

THE LADLE †.

A FABLE.

THE Scepticks think 't was long ago
 Since gods came down *incognito*,
 To see who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose;
 That since they gave things their beginning, 5
 And set this whirligig a-spinning,
 Supine they in their heav'n remain,
 Exempt from passion and from pain,

* The present Duchess of Portland, daughter of Edward late Earl of Oxford. &c.

† See Gayton's jestivous notes on Don Quixote, p. 26, 27. from whence this story is supposed to be taken.

And frankly leave us human elves
To cut and shuffle for ourselves ; 10
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.

The poets now, and painters, hold
This thesis both absurd and bold,
And your good-natur'd gods, they say, 15
Descend some twice or thrice a-day,
Else all these things we toil so hard in
Would not avail one single farthing ;
For when the hero we rehearse
To grace his actions and our verse, 20
'Tis not by dint of human thought
That to his Latium he is brought ;
Iris descends by Fate's commands
To guide his steps thro' foreign lands,
And Amphitrite clears his way 25
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch,
(Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carache)
He shows not half his force and strength
Strutting in armour and at length ; 30
That he may make his proper figure
The piece must yet be four yards bigger :
The nymphs conduct him to the field,
One holds his sword, and one his shield,
Mars standing by asserts his quarrel, 35
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation,
 (As 't were to save or sink the nation)
 Men idly learned will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute ;
 Each mighty angry, mighty right,
 With equal arms sustains the fight,
 Till now no umpire can agree 'em,
 So both draw off and sing *Te Deum*.

40

Is it in equilibrio
 If deities descend or no ?
 Then let th' affirmative prevail,
 As requisite to form my Tale ;
 For by all parties 't is confest
 That those opinions are the best
 Which in their nature most conduce
 To present ends and private use.

45

Two gods came therefore from above,
 One Mercury, the other Jove ;
 The humour was, it seems, to know
 If all the favours they bestow
 Could from our own perverseness ease us,
 And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.
 Discourfing largely on this theme.
 O'er hills and dales their godships came,
 Till well nigh tir'd at almost night,
 They thought it proper to alight.

50

55

60

Not here, that it as true as odd is,
 That in disguise a god or goddess

Exerts no supernat'ral pow'rs,
 But acts on maxims much like ours.
 They spy'd at last a country farm,
 Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
 For woods before and hills behind
 Secur'd it both from rain and wind: 70
 Large oxen in the field were lowing,
 Good grain was sow'd, good fruit was growing;
 Of last year's corn in barns great store;
 Fat turkeys gobbling at the door;
 And Wealth, in short, with Peace consented 75
 That People here should live contented;
 But did they in effect do so?
 Have patience friend and thou shalt know.
 The honest farmer and his wife,
 To years declin'd from prime of life, 80
 Had struggled with the marriage noose,
 As almost ev'ry couple does:
 Sometimes My plague! sometimes My darling!
 Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;
 Jointly submitting to endure 85
 That evil which admits no cure.
 Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd;
 Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
 Thought they were folks that lost their way,
 And ask'd them civilly to stay; 90
 Told 'em, for supper or for bed
 They might go on and be worse sped.—

So said, so done; the gods consent;
 All three into the parlour went:
 They compliment, they sit, they chat, 95
 Fight o'er the wars, reform the state;
 A thousand knotty points they clear,
 Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame;
 Obsequious Hermes did the same. 100
 Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say!
 He did—but in an honest way:
 Oh! not with half that warmth and life
 With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife.—

Well then things handsomely were serv'd; 105
 My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
 How strong the beer, how good the meat,
 How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
 In epick sumptuous would appear,
 Yet shall be pass'd in silence here; 110
 For I should grieve to have it said
 That, by a fine description led,
 I made my episode too long,
 Or tir'd my friend to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away, 115
 Jove thought it time to show his play.
 Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
 Folly and jesting laid aside,
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And strangers with good cheer receive, 120

Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.

To give this thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of gods : (nay, never wonder)
This youth can fly and I can thunder.

125

I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurious,
My page, my son, indeed but spurious.
Form then three wishes, you and Madam,
And, sure as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd in half an hour
Shall all be here and in your pow'r.

130

Thank ye, great Gods, the woman says;
Oh ! may your altars ever blaze !

A Ladle for our silver dish

135

Is what I want, is what I wish.—

A Ladle ! cries the man, a Ladle !

'Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill !

What should be great you turn to farce,

I wish the Ladle in your a—.

140

With equal grief and shame my Muse
The sequel of the Tale pursues.

The Ladle fell into the room,

And stuck in old Corisca's bum.

Our couple weep two wishes past,

145

And kindly join to form the last ;

To ease the woman's awkward pain,

And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

This commoner has worth and parts,
 Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts; 156
 His head aches for a coronet,
 And who is blest'd that is not great?

Some sense and more estate kind Heav'n
 To this well-lotted peer has giv'n :
 What then ? he must have rule and sway, 155
 And all is wrong till he 's in play.

The miser must make up his plum,
 And dares not touch the hoarded sum ;
 The sickly dotard wants a wife
 To draw off his last dregs of life. 160

Against our peace we arm our will ;
 Amidst our plenty something still
 For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
 To thee, to me, to him, is wanting :
 That cruel something unpossess, 165
 Corrodes, and leavens all the rest :
 That something if we could obtain
 Would soon create a future pain ;
 And to the coffin from the cradle
 'Tis all a wish and all a Ladle. 170

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in sunshine weather,
 Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together
 The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
 As opposites will sometimes do :
 Thro' many a blooming mead they pass, 5
 And at a brook arriv'd at last :
 The purling stream, the margin green,
 With flow'rs bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
 Invited each itin'rant maid
 To rest a while beneath the shade; 10
 Under a spreading beech they sat,
 And pass'd the time with female chat ;
 Whilst each her character maintain'd,
 One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
 At length, quoth Falsehood, Sister Truth, 15
 For so she call'd her from her youth,
 What if, to shun yon' sultry beam,
 We bathe in this delightful stream,
 The bottom smooth, the water clear,
 And there's no prying shepherd near ? 20
 With all my heart, the nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy robes aside,
 Stripp'd herself naked to the skin,
 And with a spring leapt headlong in.

Falsehood more leisurely undrest, 25
 And laying by her tawdry vest,
 Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
 And cross the meadows tript away.

From this curst hour the fraudulent dame
 Of sacred Truth usurps the name, 30
 And with a vile perfidious mind
 Roams far and near to cheat mankind;
 False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
 And starts with vain pretended fears;
 In visits still appears most wise, 35

And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
 Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
 While rising stock her conscience pricks;
 When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
 She secrets ope'd, and all unravell'd. 40

But on she will, and secrets tell
 Of John and Joan, Ned and Nell,
 Reviling ev'ry one she knows,
 As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
 Her tongue so voluble and kind 45
 It always runs before her mind;

As times do serve she flily pleads, }
 And copious tears still shew her needs, }
 With promises as thick as weeds — }
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil, 50
 To-day a saint, to-morrow devil.

Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,
 And naked left the lovely maid,
 Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
 Has gone stark-naked ever since, 55
 And ever naked will appear,
 Belov'd by all who Truth revere. 57

THE MICE.

A TALE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIFT.

Two mice, dear Boy, of genteel fashion,
 And, what is more, good education,
 Frolick and gay, in infant years
 Equally shar'd their parents cares.
 The sire of these two babes (poor creature) 5
 Paid his last debt to human nature;
 A wealthy widow left behind,
 Four babes, three male, one female kind.
 The sire being under ground, and bury'd, 9
 'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd;
 Matches propos'd, and num'rous suitors,
 Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
 She modestly refus'd, and shew'd
 She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother, dear mother, that endearing thought 15
 Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.

Volume I.

R

Tell me, oh ! tell me (thou art now above)
 How to describe thy true maternal love,
 Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
 Thy flatt'ring hopes, thy fervent pious pray'rs, 20
 Thy doleful days, and melancholy nights,
 Cloister'd from common joys and just delights :
 How didst thou constantly in private mourn,
 And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn !
 How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time, 25
 That your young offspring might to honour climb ;
 How your first care, by num'rous griefs oppress'd,
 Under the burden sunk, and went to rest ;
 How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
 Breath'd her last piety into your breast ; 30
 How you, alas ! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
 Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
 Tho' not inspir'd, oh ! may I never be
 Forgetful of my pedigree or thee :
 Ungrateful howsoe'er, may n't I forget 35
 To pay this small yet tributary debt,
 And when we meet at God's tribunal throne
 Qwn me I pray thee for a pious son.

But why all this ? Is this your fable ?
 Believe me, Matt, it seems a bauble ; 40
 If you will let me know th' intent on 't
 Go to your Mice and make an end on't.

Well then, dear Brother—

As sure as Hudi's sword cou'd swaddle,
 Two Mice were brought up in one cradle; 45
 Well bred I think, of equal port,
 One for the gown, one for the court.
 They parted; (did they so, an't please you?)
 Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to ease you;
 One went to Holland, where they huff folk, 50
 Th' other to vent his wares in Suffolk.
 (That Mice have travell'd in old times,
 Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
 Those two great wonders of their ages,
 Superiour far to all the fages.) 55
 Many days past and many a night
 Ere they could gain each other's fight;
 At last in weather cold nor sultry
 They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
 After much buss, and great grimace, 60
 (Usual you know in such a case)
 Much chat arose what had been done,
 What might before next summer's sun;
 Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
 The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness; 65
 That ended, o'er a charming bottle
 They enter'd on this tittle-tattle.
 Quoth Suffolk. by preeminence
 In years, tho' (God knows) not in sense,
 All's gone, dear Brother, only we 70
 Remain to raise posterity;

Marry you, Brother; I'll go down,
 Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone.
 May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
 May olive branches crown your table. 75
 Somewhat I'll save, and, for this end,
 To prove a brother and a friend,
 What I propose is just, I swear it,
 Or may I perish by this claret.
 The dice are thrown, chuse this or that, 80
 ('Tis all alike to honest Matt)
 I'll take then the contrary part,
 And propagate with all my heart.
 After some thought, some Portuguese,
 Some wine, the younger thus replies : 85
 Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
 Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
 Get me a boy call'd Adrian;
 Trust me I'll do for 't what I can.
 Home went, well pleas'd, the Suffolk Tony, 90
 Heart-free from care as purse from money,
 Resolving full to please his taudy,
 He got a spouse, and jerk'd her body.
 At last when teeming time was come
 Out came her burden from her womb; 95
 It prov'd a lusty squalling boy;
 (Doubtless the dad's and mammy's joy)
 In short, to make things square and even,
 Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.

Matt's debt thus paid, he now enlarges, 100
 And sends you in a bill of charges;
 A cradle, Brother, and a basket,
 (Granted as soon as e'er I ask'd it)
 A coat not of the smallest scantling,
 Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling; 105
 These, too, were sent, (or I'm no drubber)
 Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber;
 Yet these won't do, send th' other coat,
 For faith the first's not worth a groat,
 Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten, 110
 Suppos'd originally rotten.
 Pray let the next be each way longer,
 Of stuff more durable and stronger;
 Send it next week if you are able;
 By this time Sir you know the fable. 115
 From this, and letters of the same make,
 You'll find what 't is to have a namesake.
 Cold and hard times, Sir, here, (believe it)
 I've lost my curate too, and grieve it;
 At Easter, for what I can see, 120
 (A time of ease and vacancy)
 If things but alter, and not undone,
 I'll kiss your hands and visit London.
 Molly sends greeting, so do I Sir.
 Send a good coat, that's all; good b' w' ye Sir. 125

Feb. 16. 1708-9.

Your's entirely,

MATTHEW.

R iij

TO A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM publick noise and factious strife,
From all the busy ill of life,
Take me my Celia to thy breast,
And lull my weary'd soul to rest :
For ever in this humble cell
Let thee and I my fair one dwell :
None enter else, but Love—and he
Shall bar the door and keep the key.

To painted roofs and shining spires
(Uneasy seats of high desires)

Let the unthinking many crowd
That dare be covetous and proud ;
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happiness for state :

But oh ! my Celia, when thy swain
Desires to see a court again,
May Heav'n around this destin'd head
The choicest of its curses shed :

To sum up all the rage of fate,
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'st thou be false and I be great.
Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,
Fond Celaden his soul express,
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows she thus repaid.

5

10

15

20 }

25

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
 Blest miracle of love and truth,
 All that could e'er be counted mine,
 My love and life, long since are thine :
 A real joy ! never knew

30

Till I believ'd thy passion true ;
 A real grief I ne'er can find
 Till thou prov'st perjur'd or unkind.

Content, and poverty, and care,
 All we abhor, and all we fear,
 Blest with thy presence I can bear.

35 }

'Thro' waters and thro' flames I'll go,
 Suff'rer and solace of thy wo :

Trace me some yet unheard-of way
 That I thy ardour may repay,
 And make my constant passion known
 By more than woman yet has done.

40

Had I a wish that did not bear
 The stamp and image of my dear,
 I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
 And die to let it out again.

45

No ; Venus shall my witness be,
 (If Venus ever lov'd like me)
 That for one hour I would not quit
 My Shepherd's arms and this retreat
 To be the Persian monarch's bride,
 Partner of all his pow'r and pride,

50

Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of gods and wife of Jove.

O happy these of human race ! 55
But soon, alas ! our pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended knee,
Then drank a quart of milk and tea,
And leaving her ador'd embrace,
Hasten'd to court to beg a place ; 60
While she, his absence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone
Call'd Thyrfis from beneath the bed,
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE men have these ambitious fancies, 65
And wanton wenches read romances,
Our sex will—What ? Out with it. Lie,
And theirs in equal strains reply.
The moral of the Tale I sing
(A posy for a wedding ring) 70
In this short verse will be confin'd;
Love is a jest, and vows are wind. 72

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

It always has been thought discreet
To know the company you meet ;

And sure there may be secret danger
 In talking much before a stranger.
 Agreed: what then? Then drink your ale;
 I'll pledge you, and repeat my Tale.

5

No matter where the scene is fixt,
 The persons were but oddly mixt;
 When sober Damon thus began,
 (And Damon is a clever man)
 I now grow old, but still from youth
 Have held for modesty and truth:
 The men who by these seamarks steer
 In life's great voyage never err:
 Upon this point I dare defy
 The world; I pause for a reply.

10

15

Sir, either is a good assistant,
 Said one, who sat a little distant;
 Truth decks our speeches and our books,
 And modesty adorns our looks:
 But farther progress we must take;
 Not only born to look and speak,
 The man must act. The Stagirite
 Says thus, and says extremely right:
 Strict justice is the sov'reign guide
 That o'er our actions should preside;
 This queen of virtues is confess'd
 To regulate and bind the rest,
 Thrice happy if you can but find
 Her equal balance poise your mind;

20

25

30

All diff'rent graces soon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their center.

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
With yea and nay, and *pro* and *con*,
Thro' many points divinely dark, 35
And Waterland assailing Clarke,
Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening Post,
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politicks held forth 40

Methinks we're in the like condition
As at the Treaty of Partition :
That stroke, for all King William's care,
Begot another tedious war.
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue, 45
Ne'er much approv'd that mystick league :
In the vile Utrecht Treaty, too,
Poor man, he found enough to do.

Sometimes to me he did apply,
But downright Dunstable was I, 50
And told him where they were mistaken,
And counsell'd him to save his bacon :

But (pass his politicks and prose)
I never herded with his foes ;
Nay, in his verses, as a friend, 55
I still found something to commend :
Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
Whate'er severer criticks said :

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Too far, I own, the girl was try'd ;
 The women all were on my side. 60
 For Alma I return'd him thanks ;
 I lik'd her with her little pranks :
 Indeed poor Solomon in rhyme
 Was much too grave to be sublime.

Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
 So on he ran a new division ; 65
 'Till out of breath he turn'd to spit ;
 (Chance often helps us more than wit)
 'Th' other that lucky moment took,
 Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke. 70

Of all the gifts the gods afford,
 (If we may take old Tully's word)
 The greatest is a friend whose love
 Knows how to praise and when reprove :
 From such a treasure never part, 75
 But hang the jewel on your heart :

And, pray, Sir (it delights me) tell,
 You know this author mighty well—
 Know him! d'ye question it? Odds fish!
 Sir, does a beggar know his dish? 80
 I lov'd him, as I told you, I

Advis'd him—Here a slander-by
 Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
 And thus, unwilling, silence broke :
 Damon, 't is time we should retire, 85
 The man you talk with is Matt Prior.

Patron thro' life, and from thy birth my friend,
 Dorset! to thee this Fable let me send;
 With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth;
 The foil is known to set the diamond forth: 90
 Let the feign'd Tale this real moral give,
 How many Damons how few Dorsets live. 92

P. PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE:

AN HONEST BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod deceat
 quod cogitatione magis a virtute potest quam re separari.

Cic. de Off. lib. 1.

Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
 Of vice and virtue in the schools,
 Beyond the letter of the law
 Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
 The better fort should set before 'em 5
 A grace, a manner, a decorum;
 Something that gives their acts a light,
 Makes 'em not only just but bright,
 And sets 'em in that open fame
 Which witty Malice cannot blame. 10

For 't is in life as 't is in painting.
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
 From lines drawn true our eye may trace
 A foot, a knee, a hand, a face:

May justly own the picture wrought
 Exact to rule, exempt from fault;
 Yet if the col'ring be not there,
 The Titian stroke, the Guido air,
 To nicest judgment show the piece,
 At best 't will only not displease;
 It would not gain on Jersey's eye;
 Bradford would frown and set it by.

15

20

Thus in the picture of our mind
 The action may be well design'd,
 Guided by law, and bound by duty,
 Yet want this *je ne fais quoi* of beauty:
 And tho' its error may be such
 As Knags and Burgeses cannot hit,
 It yet may feel the nicer touch
 Of Wycherley or Congreve's wit.

25

30

What is this talk? replies a friend,
 And where will this dry moral end?
 The truth of what you here lay down
 By some example should be shown.—
 With all my heart—for once; read on.
 An honest but a simple pair
 (And twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this thesis clear.

35

A doctor of great skill and fame,
 Paulo Purganti was his name,
 Had a good, comely, virtuous, wife,
 No woman led a better life;

40

She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted;
 She chuckled when a bawd was carted,
 And thought the nation ne'er would thrive
 Till all the whores were burnt alive. 45

On marry'd men that dar'd be bad
 She thought no mercy should be had;
 They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
 Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede.— 50
 In short, all lewdness she defy'd,
 And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet in an honest way the dame
 Was a great lover of that same,
 And could from Scripture take her cue, 55
 That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
 Between the gay and the severe,
 That if in some regards she chose
 To curb poor Paulo in too close, 60
 In others she relax'd again,
 And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus, tho' she strictly did confine
 The Doctor from excess of wine,
 With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli, 65
 She let him almost burst his belly:
 Thus drying coffee was deny'd,
 But chocolate that loss supply'd;
 And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
 Filthy concomitant of claret, 70

(Blest revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots and Bohea tea.

She often set the Doctor's band,
And stroak'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand;
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon;
She held it wholesomer by much
To rest a little on the couch —
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

75

80

The Doctor understood the call,
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin, too short, you know,
(As Plutarch's morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail,
And art supplies where strength may fail.

85

Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat,
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.

90

Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us that all that warriour can do
With force inferiour is *cunctando*.

One day, then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear,
Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,

95

Thought it extremely *à propos*
 To ward against the coming blow : 100
 To ward ; but how ? Aye, there 's the question,
 Fierce th' assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The Doctor feign'd a strange surprise ;
 He felt her pulse, he view'd her eyes :
 Their beat too fast, these roll'd too quick ; 105
 She was, he said, or would be sick :
 He judg'd it absolutely good
 That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
 Spaw waters for that end were got :
 If they pass easily or not 110
 What matters it ? the lady's fever
 Continu'd violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind,
 (Blackmore and Hans are of my mind)
 If once it youthful blood infects, 115
 And chiefly of the female sex,
 Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion,
 Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.

One luckless night, then, as in bed
 The Doctor and the dame were laid, 120
 Again this cruel fever came,
 High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
 What measures shall poor Paulo keep
 With madam in this piteous taking ?
 She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep, 125
 And won't allow him rest tho' waking.

Sad state of matters! when we dare
 Nor ask for peace nor offer war,
 Nor Livy nor Comines have shown
 What in this juncture may be done.
 Grotius might own that Paulo's case is
 Harder than any which he places
 Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.

130

}

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
 By dint of logick, to maintain
 That all the sex was born to grieve
 Down to her ladyship from Eve.

135

He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
 Back'd his opinion with quotations,
 Divines and moralists, and run ye on
 Quite thro' from Seneca to Bunyan.

140

As much in vain he bid her try
 To fold her arms, to close her eye,
 Telling her rest would do her good
 If any thing in nature cou'd;

145

So held the Greeks, quite down from Galen,
 Masters and princes of the calling:
 So all our modern friends maintain
 (Tho' no great Greeks) in Warwick-Lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring song;
 A Tale should never be too long.

150

The more he talk'd the more she burn'd,
 And sigh'd, and toss'd, and groan'd, and turn'd:

At last, I wish, said she, my dear—
 (And whisper'd something in his ear.) 155
 You wish! wish on, the Doctor cries;
 Lord! when will womankind be wise?
 What, in your waters are you mad?
 Why, poison is not half so bad.
 I'll do it—but I give you warning 160
 You'll die before to-morrow morning.—
 'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise,
 The lady with a sigh replies!
 But life, you know, at best is pain,
 And death is what we should disdain: 165
 So do it therefore, and adieu,
 For I will die for love of you.—
 Let wanton wives by death be scar'd;
 But to my comfort I'm prepar'd. 169

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote and painters drew
 As Nature pointed out the view,
 Ere Gothick forms were known in Greece
 To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
 And in our verse ere Monkish rhymes 5
 Had jangled their fantastick chimes;
 Ere on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight; 10

Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burges, scot and lot;
 And as old Pliny's writings show
 Apelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

15

Piqu'd by Protogenes' fame,
 From Co to Rhodes Apelles came
 To see a rival and a friend
 Prepar'd to censure or commend;
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with candour might direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
 His servants follow with the things:
 Appears the governante of th' house,
 For such in Greece were much in use;
 If young or handsome, yea or no,
 Concerns not me or thee to know.

20

25

Does 'Squire Protogenes live here?
 Yes Sir, says she, with gracious air,
 And court'fy low, but just call'd out
 By lords peculiarly devout
 Who came on purpose. Sir, to borrow
 Our Venus for the feast to-morrow
 To grace the church: 't is Venus' day:
 I hope Sir you intend to stay
 To see our Venus: 't is the piece
 The most renown'd throughout all Greece;

30

35

So like th' original they say;
 But I have no great skill that way.
 But, Sir, at six ('t is now past three)
 Dromo must make my master's tea:
 At six, Sir, if you please to come,
 You 'll find my master, Sir, at home.

40

Tea, says a critick big with laughter,
 Was found some twenty ages after.
 Authors, before they write, should read.
 'Tis very true; but we 'll proceed.

45

And, Sir, at present would you please
 To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes.
 Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
 But done. With one judicious stroke
 On the plain ground Apelles drew
 A circle regularly true.

50

And will you please, Sweet-heart, said he,
 To shew your master this from me?
 By it he presently will know
 How painters write their names at Co.

55

He gave the pannel to the maid.
 Smiling and curt'sying, Sir, she said,
 I shall not fail to tell my master:
 And, Sir, for fear of all disaster
 I'll keep it my own self: Safe bind,
 Says the old proverb, and safe find.

60

So, Sir, as sure as key or lock—
 Your servant, Sir—at six a clock.

65

Again at Six Apelles came,
 Found the same prating civil dame.
 Sir, that my master has been here
 Will by the board itself appear : 70
 If from the perfect line he found
 He has presum'd to swell the round,
 Or colours on the draught to lay,
 'Tis thus, (he order'd me to say)
 Thus write the painters of this isle ; 75
 Let those of Co remark the style.

She said ; and to his hand restor'd
 The rival pledge, the millive board.
 Upon the happy line were laid
 Such obvious light and easy shade, 80
 That Paris' apple stood confess'd,
 Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece ;
 And live, said he, the arts of Greece !
 Howe'er Protogenes and I 85
 May in our rival talents vie ;
 Howe'er our works may have express'd
 Who truest drew or colour'd best,
 When he beheld my flowing line
 He found at least I could design ; 90
 And from his artful round I grant
 That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
 To find the moral of my Tale ;

That the distinguish'd part of men, 95
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
 Should in life's visit leave their name
 In characters which may proclaim
 That they with ardour strove to raise
 At once their arts and country's praise; 100
 And in their working took great care
 That all was full, and round, and fair. 102

HANS CARVEL.

HANS Carvel, impotent and old,
 Marry'd a lass of London mould.
 Handsome? Enough; extremely gay;
 Lov'd musick, company, and play:
 High flights she had, and wit at will, 5
 And so her tongue lay seldom still;
 For in all visits who but she
 To argue or to repartee?

She made it plain that human passion 10
 Was order'd by predestination;
 That if weak women went astray
 Their stars were more in fault than they.
 Whole tragedies she had by heart;
 Enter'd into Roxana's part:
 To triumph in her rival's blood 15
 The action certainly was good.



How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
 Oh that dear conqu'ror of the world!
 She pity'd Betterton in age
 That ridicul'd the godlike rage.

20

She, first of all the Town, was told
 Where newest India things were sold;
 So in a morning without bodice,
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's
 To cheapen tea, to buy a screen;
 What else could so much virtue mean?
 For to prevent the least reproach
 Betty went with her in the coach.

25

But when no very great affair
 Excited her peculiar care,
 She without fail was wak'd at ten,
 Drank chocolate, then slept again:
 At twelve she rose; with much ado
 Her clothes were huddled on by two:
 Then, does my lady dine at home?
 Yes, sure, —but is the Col'nel come?
 Next, how to spend the afternoon,
 And not come home again too soon,
 The 'Change, the city, or the play,
 As each was proper for the day;
 A turn in summer to Hyde-park,
 When it grew tolerably dark.

30

35

40

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain;
 Strange fancies come in Hans' brain:

He thought of what he did not name, 43
 And would reform but durst not blame.
 At first he therefore preach'd his wife
 The comforts of a pious life;
 'Told her how transient beauty was;
 That all must die, and flesh was grass: 50
 He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces,
 And doubled down the useful places:
 But still the weight of worldly care
 Allow'd her little time for pray'r;
 And Cleopatra was read o'er, 55
 While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.
 An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilette;
 No fear that thumb of her's should spoil it. 60
 In short, the trade was still the same;
 The Dame went out, the Col'nel came.
 What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd;
 Another batt'ry must be try'd:
 What if to spells I had recourse? 65
 'Tis but to hinder something worse.
 The end must justify the means;
 He only sins who ill intends:
 Since therefore 't is to combat evil
 'Tis lawful to employ the dev'l. 70
 Forthwith the dev'l did appear,
 (For name him and he's always near)

Not in the shape in which he plies
 At miss' elbow when she lies,
 Or stands before the nurs'ry doors 75
 To take the naughty boy that roars,
 But without sawcer eye or claw,
 Like a grave barrister at law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
 The dev'l says; I bring relief. 80

Relief! says Hans; pray let me crave
 Your name Sir—Satan—Sir, your slave.

I did not look upon your feet;
 You'll pardon me—Aye, now I see't.
 And pray, Sir, when came you from hell? 85
 Our friends there, did you leave them well?

All well; but, pr'ythee, honest Hans
 (Says Satan) leave your complaisance:
 The truth is this; I cannot stay
 Flaring in sunshine all the day, 90

For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
 Love more the fresco of the nights,
 And oft'ner our receipts convey
 In dreams than any other way.

I tell you, therefore, as a friend, 95
 Ere morning dawns your fears shall end:

Go then this ev'ning, Master Carvel,
 Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;

Let friends and wine dissolve your care
 Whilst I the great receipt prepare— 100

Volum. I.

T

To-night I'll bring it by my faith :
Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans; glad not a little ;
Obey'd the d v'l to a tittle ;

Invited friends some half-a-dozen, 105
The Col'nel and my Lady's cousin.

The meat was serv'd, the bowls were crown'd,
Catches were sung, and healths went round ;

Barbadoes' waters for the dose,
Till Hans had fairly got his dose : 110

The Col'nel toasted to the best :

The Dame mov'd off to be undrest :

The chimes went twelve, the guests withdrew,
But when or how Hans hardly knew :

Some modern anecdotes aver 115
He nodded in his elbow chair ;

From thence was carry'd off to bed ;

John held his heels and Nan his head ;

My lady was disturb'd ; new sorrow !

Which Hans must answer for to-morrow. 120

In bed then view this happy pair,
And think how Hymen triumph'd there :

Hans fast asleep as soon as laid,

The duty of the night unpaid ;

The waking Dame with thoughts oppress'd 125

That made her hate both him and rest :

By such a husband, such a wife !

'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life :

The lady sigh'd, the lover snor'd,
 The punctual dev'l kept his word; 130
 Appear'd to honest Hans again,
 But not at all by Madam seen;
 And giving him a magick ring
 Fit for the finger of a king,
 Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take, 135
 And wear it long for Satan's sake;
 I will do your bus'ness to a hair;
 For long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over Lincoln
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on. 140
 Hans took the ring with joy extreme,
 (All this was only in a dream,
 And thrusting it beyond his joint,
 'Tis done, he cry'd; I've gain'd my point. —
 What point, said she, you ugly bear? 145
 You neither give me joy nor rest.
 'Tis done. — What's done, you drunken bear?
 You've thrust your finger G——d know where? 148

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST,

*In Westminster school, at Christmas 1691, in the character
of Cleonidas, in Mr. Dryden's Cleomenes.*

PLEASE, Lord, I wish this Prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak :
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
“ Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the play ? ”
No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece, 5
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done
Who tremble when they see a critick frown : 10
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,
And if they are not wounded are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends :
Our gen'rous scenes are for pure love repeated, 15
And if you are not pleas'd at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed ;
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read : 20

Not that from this confession we would sue
 Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
 Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
 We neither censure fear, or beg applause,
 For these are Westminster and Sparta's laws. 25
 Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
 To young desert and growing virtue kind,
 That critick by ten thousand marks should know
 That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
 And that your little hero does inherit
 Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit. 31

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN,

On her Majesty's birthday, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye Planets, with distinguish'd light
 As when ye hallow'd first this happy night;
 Again transmit your friendly beams to earth
 As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth:
 And thou, propitious Star, whose sacred pow'r
 Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
 Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
 Yielding to none but Cyuthia and the Sun,
 With thy fair aspect still illustrate heav'n,
 Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly giv'n; 19
 Thy influence for thy Anna we implore;
 Prolong one life, and Britain asks no more;

T ij

For Virtue can no ampler pow'r exprefs
 Than to be great in war and good in peace :
 For thought no higher wifh of blifs can frame 15
 Than to enjoy that virtue ftill the fame.
 Entire and fure the monarch's rule muft prove
 Who founds her greatness on her fubjects love ;
 Who does our homage for our good require,
 And orders that which we fhould firft defire ; 20
 Our vanquish'd wills that pleafing force obey,
 Her goodness takes our liberty away,
 And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary fway. }

Let the young Auftrian then her terrours bear,
 Great as he is her delegate in war : 25
 Let him in thunder fpeak to both his Spains
 That in thefe dreadful ifles a woman reigns ;
 While the bright Queen does on her fubjects fhew'r
 The gentle bleffings of her fofter pow'r ;
 Gives facred morals to a vicious age, 30
 To temples zeal, and manners to the ftage ;
 Bids the chafte Mufe without a blufh appear,
 And wit be that which Heav'n and fhe may hear.

Minerva thus to Perfeus lent her fhield,
 Secure of conqueft lent him to the field ; 35
 The hero acted what the Queen ordain'd.
 So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean-time amidft her native temples fat
 The goddefs, ftudious of her Grecians fate,

Taught 'em in laws and letters to excel, 40
 In acting justly, and in writing well.
 Thus, whilst she did her various pow'r dispose,
 The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes;
 Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose. 44 }

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN.

Represented by some of the Westminster scholars at Hickford's Dancingroom in Pantion-street, near Leicester Fields, the 2d of February 1720.

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN, WHO ACTED CORDELIO.

WHAT! wou'd my humble comrades have me say,
 Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the play?
 Such work by hireling actors should be done,
 Whom you may clap or hiss for half-a-crown:
 Our gen'rous scenes for friendship we repeat, 5
 And if we do n't delight, at least we treat.
 Ours is the damage; if we chance to blunder,
 We may be ask'd whose patent we act under?
 How shall we gain you, Alamode de France?
 We hir'd this room, but none of us can dance; 10
 In cutting capers we shall never please;
 Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
 Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound:
 There we should fail too as to point of voice; 15
 Mistake us not; we're no Italian boys:

True Britons born, from Westminster we come,
 And only speak the style of ancient Rome.
 We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause,
 And stand or fall by Friend's and Busbey's laws. 20
 For the distress'd your pity we implore;
 If once refus'd we'll trouble you no more,
 But leave our Orphan squalling at your door. 23 }

EPILOGUE TO PHÆDRA *.

STOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
 For one who never troubled you before;
 An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
 Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak,
 And comes to Town to let us Moderns know 5
 How women lov'd two thousand years ago.
 If that be all, said I, e'en burn your play;
 I'gad! we know all that as well as they:
 Show us the youthful, handsome, charioteer,
 Firm in his seat, and running his career, 10
 Our souls would kindle with as gen'rous flames
 As e'er inspir'd the ancient Græcian dames;
 Ev'ry Ismena would resign her breast,
 And ev'ry dear Hippolytus be blest.

* Phædra and Hippolytus, a tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

But as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares 15
Are c'en as good as any two of theirs;
And if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play, 20
Something at least in justice should be said;
But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—

Well! Phædra liv'd as chaitly as she could,
For she was Father Jove's own flesh and blood.
Her awkward love indeed was oddly fated; 25

She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:

But when he came, what needed he to know
But that all matters stood in *statu quo*? 30

There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
She might want conduct, but he wanted care.

'Twas in a husband little less than rude
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
He should have sent a night or two before 35

That he would come exact at such an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his rest,

The piquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone, impatient for her dear. 40

But if these gay reflections come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate,

If your more serious judgment must condemn
 The dire effects of her unhappy flame,
 Yet ye chaste Matrons and ye tender Fair 45
 Let love and innocence engage your care,
 My spotless flames to your protection take,
 And spare poor Phædra for Minerva's sake. 48

EPILOGUE TO LUCIUS*.

SPOKEN BY MRS. HORTON.

THE female Author who recites to-day
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
 Like Father Bays securely she sits down :
 Pit, box, and gallery, Gad ! all's our own.
 In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ, 5
 By their applause the criticks show'd their wit,
 'They tun'd their voices to her lyrick string,
 'Tho' they could all do something more than sing.
 But one exception to this fact we find, }
 'That booby Phaon only was unkind, 10
 An ill-bred boatman, rough as waves and wind. }
 From Sappho down thro' all succeeding ages,
 And now on French or on Italian stages,
 Rough satires, sly remarks, illnatur'd speeches,
 Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches. 15

* Lucius, the first Christian King of Britain, a tragedy,
 written by Mrs. Manley.

Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
 Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
 The bluff'ring bully in our neighb'ring streets
 Scorns to attack the female that he meets;
 Fearless, the petticoat contemns his frowns, 20
 The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
 The many-colour'd gentry there above
 By turns are rul'd by Tumult and by Love,
 And while their sweethearts their attention fix
 Suspend the din of their damn'd clatt'ring sticks. 25
 Now, Sirs, —

To you our Author makes her soft request,
 Who speak the kindest and who write the best;
 Your sympathetick hearts she hopes to move
 From tender friendship and endearing love. 30
 If Petrarch's muse did Laura's wit rehearse,
 And Cowley flatter'd dear Grinda's verse,
 She hopes from you — Pox take her hopes and fears;
 I plead her sex's claim; what matters her's?
 By our full pow'r of beauty we think fit 35
 To damn this Salique law impos'd on wit;
 We'll try the empire you so long have boasted,
 And if we are not prais'd we'll not be toasted:
 Approve what one of us presents to night,
 Or ev'ry mortal woman here shall write: 40
 Rural, pathetick, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme; }
 Female remarks shall take up all your time.

Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very money;
Female third days shail come so thick upon ye, 45
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk, you all to death,
Unless you yield for better and for worse;
Then the she-Pegasus shail gain the course,
And the gray mare will prove the better horse. 50 }

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